

THE HONORABLE INSTITUTION OF VACATION: BY WALTER A. DYER



WHETHER we believe it or not, we are all polytheists, every one of us, Jew, Gentile and agnostic. We believe in many gods of good and evil. A god is a potent force outside of ourselves that is powerful to influence our actions, that may cause us to be happy or unhappy in spite of ourselves, that makes us what we are. These gods have absolute control over us, and we can only pray to them blindly and hope for the best. The name of one of the greatest of these gods is Institution. Likewise, his name is legion. It is extraordinary how abjectly men worship organized institutions. It is idolatry, too, for we make our own institutions and then worship them. We are no better than the heathen in his blindness, bowing down to wood and stone. He is merely worshipping a priest-made institution.

Monarchy, of course, is the most eminent of worshipful institutions. Monarchy admits that it is of divine origin. But democracy is a divine institution, too, and the way some of us are worshipping at its shrine is almost making a mess of things.

Business is an institution. For it we forsake wife and kindred, eat and drink when we are not hungry or thirsty, truckle to boors, go to town and return on schedule, observe rules and ritual that make Moses look like a mere novice, and eventually work ourselves to death. We don't know why we do this; we don't even question the reasonableness of it. We have put our faith in the institution and our fate is in its keeping.

Fashion is an institution. If fashion decrees a hobble skirt, the wearer of a gown full at the hips and much bedraped is a sinner at whom all women point the blighting finger of condemnation; while the man who is so depraved as to wear side whiskers in these days justifies our deepest suspicions. He is an anarchist at the very least.

And so I might go on *ad infinitum* to enumerate the various gods of Institution. But to show how they spring up full-armed in a single night and find us on our knees, let me illustrate. You and I find the winter evenings a little dull in our town, so we decide to organize a bridge club. Our sole object, mind you, is enjoyment.

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In about two weeks this card club has become an institution. We spend unwarranted sums of money for prizes, because that is one of the forms of tribute demanded by this god. It rains the third Thursday, and we have neuralgia, but out we must go because the institution demands it. Some of our neighbors take the game with monstrous seriousness, and criticize friendly conversation and careless play; so we bend our minds to the task and struggle to learn the fine points of the game. What was pleasure has become labor, but it is too late to turn back now. The institution has become established; the god has been enthroned. The winter wears on, and we groan under the burden of the weekly sacrifice, but we dare not offend the god. Don't ask me why; it is human nature. Independence is the Satan which Institution has cast out of his high heaven. He may revolt, but only as a fallen angel.

NOW you will know what I mean when I say that vacation is an institution. Once a year you gird up your loins and sally forth to the place of worship. The temples are set in the high mountains and beside the sea. The priesthood is in full regalia and waiting to receive you. You arrive, and after enrolling among the initiated you are shown to your room by a youthful extortioner in a blue coat and brass buttons. Then you unquestioningly proceed to dress for dinner. That is part of the ritual. I have sometimes wondered what would happen to a man who ventured to invade the dining room of a summer hotel in a perfectly chaste and respectable suit of modest blue pajamas, but I shall never know.

When the ceremony of dinner is over, you saunter out upon the piazza, and you say to your wife: "Now, Mildred, let's try to get acquainted. You remember what a dopey time we had last year because we didn't get in with people. We mooned around by ourselves altogether too much. We've got to butt right in at the start. It's the only way."

Mildred acquiesces. The necessity of getting acquainted with a lot of "bromides" is perfectly obvious to you both. Otherwise you are not doing full penance, and you may offend the deity. So you assume a "Gee, isn't this great!" air and flop down in a couple of chairs next to a short, bald-headed man in a stiff white linen vest, and a woman with a black lace shawl and an investigating face. He glances up as you seat yourself, and you nod pleasantly. The woman looks at Mildred's clothes.

You get a grip on yourself and remark to the man in a vivacious manner:

"This is certainly some evening."

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"All of that," says he.

You give him a cigar.

"Some different from the city," you remark.

"Hot there today?" he inquires.

"I should say yes," you reply. "The whole town was one great steam-heated flat."

The woman leans forward and cackles appreciatively.

Mildred takes a brace. "How long have you been here?" she asks.

"Two weeks tomorrow," says the woman. "And such a time as we had getting here! You've no idea! Johnny hadn't been very well. You must see Johnny. Nurse is putting him to bed now. We intended to motor up all the way, but—"

"You're a New Yorker, I take it," says the man, while Mildred goes over to the other side of the woman and listens with sparkling eyes to her spirited narrative.

Then the promenaders who circle the porches by the hour hear something like this:

You: "Yes, I'm in leather goods."

The Man: "That so? Know Ed. Street of Street & Hyphen?"

You: "Sure thing. Know him well. Friend of yours?"

Mildred: "East Orange? I know a few people out there. Perhaps you know the Blakeslees."

The Woman: "Slightly. I'm not very well acquainted on that side of town."

The Man: "Yes, business has been rather dull in our line. Not much doing."

The Woman: "Yes, one has to be very careful whom one takes up."

The Man: "Well, it's a long lane that has no turning."

The Woman: "Yes, I suppose it's so everywhere. They prefer to stay in the city. We pay ours twenty-two dollars."

The Man: "Yes, the fishing's pretty good, I'm told, but I don't care much for it. Wait all day and then get a mosquito bite."

You: "Ha, ha!"

The Woman: "You don't mean to tell me that Nancy Briggs is your cousin! Why, she's our secretary."

The Man: "No, I'm not much of a smoker. I can't enjoy a pipe on account of a weak stomach. I like a good cigar after dinner occasionally, but that's about all."

The Woman: "Well, well, this is a small world, after all, isn't it, Mrs.—er—"

Repeat the dose two or three times daily until cured.

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A LITTLE tennis in the cool of the day, a walk with a jolly party up to the look-out, a straw ride with a jolly party when the moon is full, and a little bowling in the casino may be indulged in by the more venturesome. For the others, it's the motor-boat, and the piazza, and the walk to the village, but mostly the piazza. Oh, and the progressive euchre on Saturday evening managed by the energetic school teacher from New Haven who is always getting up something.

About the only vacation a man ever takes when he doesn't have to observe these conventions and meet people is his honeymoon, and even that is usually an institution that demands Niagara Falls, Washington, and Old Point Comfort.

Now I don't mean to poke fun at anyone who really enjoys these things. Some one must, or the institution wouldn't have got such a start. There are people still who enjoy bridge. But if you don't enjoy it, why do you do it? Answer me that!

I know there are plenty of people who don't believe in vacations at all, but they are another sort. They are so busy worshipping Business that they have never had time to bow the knee to Vacation. They never take a vacation themselves and never want anyone else to. They look upon the institution as an economic loss. They are perpetual-motion machines. They are case-hardened. They are worse than the conventional vacationists, for I am bound to say half a loaf is better than no vacation.

Let's get down to first principles. Before the vacation became an institution, what was it? It was merely the fourteen days in the wilderness (it ought to be forty) which every tired brain needs every year. It was the change and rest that the doctors prescribe. It was simply a physiological necessity, like water and air.

The average child goes to school five hours a day for less than two hundred days in the year, and even that sometimes proves to be too much. The rest of the time he is playing, or ought to be, for the most part out of doors. A good deal of the time he isn't playing anything in particular; he is just playing. The water has been turned away from the mill-wheel of his brain and is just running merrily along down stream. His imagination is active. His muscles are in motion without being urged. He has no duties or responsibilities. He is not sitting in a chair, that destroyer of good digestion. In short, the playing child is leading the life of the natural animal, and the more he plays, the better off he is.

Now you needn't tell me that because a man is forty his physical and mental requirements are much different. If they are, it's all wrong. It's merely because we've made an institution of middle

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age. We have discovered that the adult must work to live, and so we have organized and institutionalized work and worship it. Work, we say, is a virtue. *Laborare est orare*. Just because some work must be done, we have reasoned that the more work we do the more virtuous we are. And from what a little beginning the institution has grown! Why, work was a punishment meted out to Adam, and the more we can shake it off, the more like angels we are.

I don't mean to praise laziness. My, no! The child isn't lazy. I'm talking about playing. I simply want to get back a little childhood, and I want other children of my own age to play with. When I was a child I had a heap more fun than I have now. I wasn't in school half so long at a time. I could make believe then. I could lie in a hammock and look up at the sky in a perfect orgy of imaginative revels. I could run and not be weary, I could work and not faint. I could laugh on slight provocation, or rather I found it difficult to restrain laughter. I could dance, I could sing, I could turn a hand-spring. I could eat cherries and milk and then go in swimming, and never feel it a mite. Play! That was the ruling motive of existence, and we middle-aged kill-joys have crowded it out of life.

Now, then, we get our two or three weeks. Someone started that who wanted to play; we ought to be thankful for that. But what do we do? Play? Some of us do, more of us think we do, but the majority don't even make a pretense of it. We merely go and live at a resort, and worship an institution.

I HAVE established the Free and Independent Order of Dissenters against Vacation. It has only two members at present, but the initiation fee is small. We are heretics. We scoff at the rites of the Established Vacation. When we go to a hotel we are at once punished by unpopularity, but we bear it with fortitude for the sake of our cause. True, we dress decently for meals, but between meals we wear our play clothes. We put on rubber coats and sou'-westers and go out in the rain. We put on canvas shoes, walk twenty miles, and come in late to supper. We throw stones to make them skip along the surface of the lake, and we laugh right out loud in the midst of the primeval forest. Oh, how we offend the devotees!

Then when we go back and put our necks in the yoke again, we wink to each other and say, "We have played!"

There are many ways in which it would be better for men and women if they could shake off sophistication and conventionality and institutions and be more like children. Children love more freely, they are less critical, they are more interesting than their elders, and find more things in the world to make life worth living.

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They are more simple and more innocent. Their pleasures come easily and satisfy. They are more buoyant in spirit; they take the fresh, rosy view of life.

I suppose we can't hope to get it all back again—the child spirit. But I am totally convinced that we can hold fast to much of it.

"But, we have been disillusioned now," you say. "We know there are no fairies."

No, you have not been disillusioned, my friend. You have merely substituted one illusion for another. Life is full of illusions. It may be a great illusion itself, for all you know. Your idea of your own importance is an illusion. Your idea of the importance of your work is another. Your Monday morning blues are as much the result of illusions as was your Saturday morning ecstasy some thirty years ago. And if that is so, why do you persist in clinging to or manufacturing painful and wearisome illusions? Your childhood illusions were better.

Moreover, I am convinced that we can get them back and keep them, these childish interests, if we try persistently enough—as persistently, for example, as we struggle for wealth. I am convinced that whatever faith may be able to accomplish with regard to moving mountains, the human will can work wonders inside its own cranium. Get off the piazza and try it, just this once.

The play-spirit is what we highly civilized Americans seem to have lost in large measure, and it is the play-spirit that we've got to get back if we are to remain a virile people. If we had more play, we foolish middle-aged children, we would have less dyspepsia, and less neurasthenia, and less melancholia, and less of other ills too numerous to mention. Go ask your doctor, if you don't believe me; and then go to your dictionary and see what play means.

I hope I haven't said too much. I should hate to establish a cult of play, and see men make an institution of that! There would then be nothing really human left in the world except war.

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O HERO souls, who lead the way,
We stand where you stood yesterday;

If you should halt—if you abide
A little, where the ways go wide,

To-morrow we can come abreast—
But speed you onward, without rest!

MARQUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

A FRESH NOTE IN GERMAN ART: AWAY FROM THE SECESSION ECCENTRICITIES



THE most flamboyant manifestation of weakness in art is eccentricity, for growth can no more express itself through decadent symbols than life through deformity. That progress can only "line up" with growth sounds obvious, and yet we have the spectacle before us today of a "civilized" nation boasting an "art" which rests solely on the wavering foundation of degeneracy. Germany's Secession Art has possessed the force of a swift fungus growth, and this has overspread the various art conditions of the nation, flinging out a pallid, grotesque flowering that has caught the worn-out fancy of a nation weary with endless fruitless arguments on ethics, religion and beauty.

Perhaps this horrifying spectacle of a nauseous "art" is merely the reaction of senses taut from the straining out to clutch the towering beauty of Wagner's reach to heaven. Who knows but what the falling back from the infinite may have brought about this very craving for rest in unreality. Or it may be a purely physical matter that the overwrought nerves which have followed Beauty vanishing in the mountain tops have found no immediate adjustment to the more simple realities of life, and eccentricity has been the result. Perhaps so great an intimacy with the last reaches of Truth is not meant for finite reasoning. It is indeed hard to say what could have successfully led a nation out to the supreme heights of Wagner's resplendent beauty, and then lowered it to the infinite depths of which the Secession painter and architect are capable in their most revolting expression.

We have learned through science how so much of what seems conscious motion is simply retro-active, the result of too swift accomplishment, so it is no more than fair to allow Germany the benefit of the doubt, and to credit her with no actual purpose in her monstrous buildings, her demoralizing gardens, her paintings and poems that writhe into existence. It is kinder to imagine all these things merely a throwback from the great sweeping force of Wagner, Heine, Nietzsche, Strauss. And accepting this theory we are rested in the belief that in time this ghostly force will droop, leaving only a scar where for the moment it touched and vitiated living things.

Already there is a budding of new life,—not, alas, as yet in architecture, which would count most in the resurrection of art in Germany, but here and there among the painters we find an awakening to the right inspiration from nature. In *THE CRAFTSMAN* for June we presented the work of a modern Hessian painter of peasant life, Richard Hoelscher of Darmstadt, whose simple people are not only

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really alive but instinct with racial characteristics and a revelation of all their immediate environment.

One marvels not a little at the courage and purpose of these men who are beginning to push aside the rank fungus that has so widely hidden the growth of beauty, making space for their own ideals regardless of criticism or jeers. Just how does it come about that Hoelscher of Darmstadt and Heinrich von Zügel should see life clearly and freshly, undaunted by the temporary success of such men as Fritz von Stuck, such a waste of unreality and degradation as the art exhibitions for years past have shown, praised and rewarded. What force has touched the souls of these men, leaving them unmarred, young, fragrant? Is it that we have again come to the time of scaling the heights of beauty, and that these men are born with a living quality of that knowledge in their hearts?

IT IS extremely important for all real lovers of art to realize that the Winter's Secession Exhibition was actually dominated this past season by the rare work of Heinrich von Zügel, a painter of country life, mainly of animals. His scenes are simple in the extreme. There is no over-picturesqueness of rural conditions. His interest is in the beauty that really exists in the animal life, without the touch of modern philosophy, to which animals have been exposed so much recently. It was not the intention of the exhibition that von Zügel should dominate. There is not any purpose in Germany among exhibitors or dealers or managers of exhibitions of liberating the real spirit of art. Secession art is melodramatic and piques curiosity. It brings people to exhibitions. It brings reviews. It is essentially popular. All of these qualities are lacking in the work of von Zügel. And so it was extraordinary that it should be accepted not only by the exhibitors but by the critics as worth while, as more significant than the strange distortions which surrounded it.

Von Zügel is not a new-comer to the art world. Different paintings of his have been seen from time to time in Germany and Paris and even in New York. But the bringing together of a collection of his work, new and old, produced an impression of a new step taken in art. His paintings as a whole gave a sense of freedom, of reality, of truth, of vitality that had not before been seen in the Winter Secession. It was inescapable. You felt in this man's work a love of life, of the big realities of life, a fine friendliness toward all living things, yet absolutely no sentimentality. It does not matter whether von Zügel paints animals as a part of a rural landscape or for the sheer love of presenting the mystery, interest and beauty of animal life, you feel his artistic understanding of all the elements of



Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

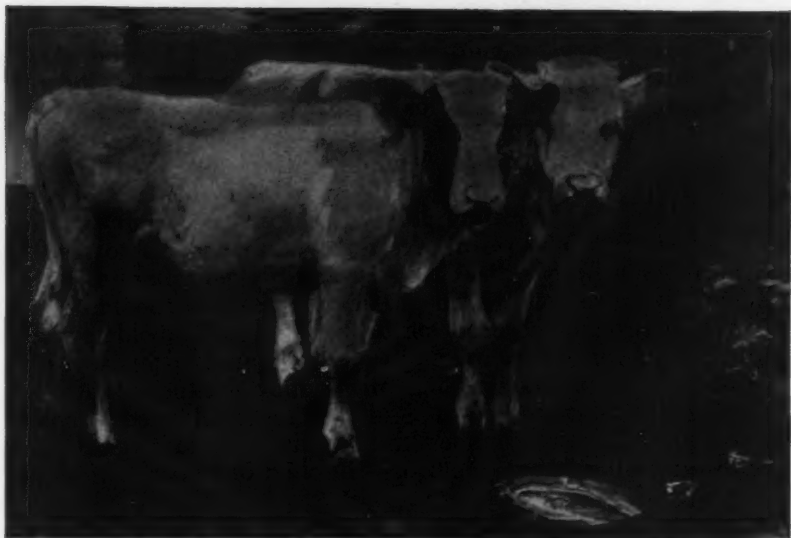
SHEEP COMING IN FOR THE SHEARING:
FROM A PAINTING BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL.



Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

**SHEEP AT REST: FROM A PAINT-
ING BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL.**

**SHEEP ON THE HILLSIDE: FROM A
PAINTING BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL.**



Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

TWO BARNYARD SCENES: FROM PAINT-
INGS BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL.



Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

CROSSING A STREAM: FROM A PAINT-
ING BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL.
IN THE STABLE YARD: FROM A
PAINTING BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL.

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his picture, his appreciation of color, of natural motion. He paints his sheep and his cows at just the right moment of their most interesting relationship to their environment. You see them as inevitable, both as a figure in a landscape and as color on the artist's palette. All through his work von Zügel gives the poetry of natural things. The enfolding tenderness of nature at peace seems to dominate his art. He is not presenting to you serial farmyard scenes but rather the psychology of the domestic animal in right surroundings, and you feel that from his point of view these creatures are contributing so much more than mere utility to rural life. Can one picture the downs of Devon without the cattle at rest on the green slopes, the Scotch Highlands without the knowing, canny dog-friends, the low hills of France without the sheep grazing conscientiously for man's future nourishment? It is so that von Zügel sees and paints his friends of the hillsides and meadowlands. To him they have become a part of our kind of civilization. We have made gentle the roving beast, for their good as well as our own.

In the early days his studies of animals were more isolated and detached. Each animal stood apart having a sufficient interest for the moment. But as he progressed in his art and developed himself it was inevitable that he should be more interested in conditions which molded life than in some individual phase of a condition. It was the animal living with man, related to human life, that more and more stirred his imagination. And later, we find his paintings are of rural scenes with animals, men and boys working together, showing cheerful, contented relationship. A sense of mutual understanding and good-will radiates from these canvases. In none that I can recall is there pictured misunderstanding or confusion. There are no animals being disciplined by man, the "cruel master," and none showing to man the evil traits with which we often endow the helpless animals. Von Zügel does not see, or does not choose to present the conflict between man and beast. Instead, his paintings are full of mutual service, of gentle dominance and friendly response. There are no whips and goads in the hands of the men whom he puts in his pictures, and the eyes of the animals look out with trust and contentment. Not knowing, one wonders, does he do these wise, significant things with a purpose, or with the unconscious directness of the artist seeing only verities? Has he the vision that enables him to understand an ideal relationship between the different kingdoms of the world? Or is it simply that the man paints what is most beautiful to him, culling for his art the gentler, finer manifestations of the life he is familiar with?

WHITE LILACS: A STORY: BY LUCRETIA D. CLAPP



HERE was a lilac bush down beside the front gate. All through the days of early spring it was like a white, perfumed cloud. There were other flowers in the yard; little round beds of pansies, tall bushes of flowering currant, rose bushes whose tiny green leaves hinted of blooms to come, and spreading masses of lilies-of-the-valley.

Old Mrs. Lane loved best to watch the white lilac, sitting with her sewing or knitting beside the parlor window. She lived alone in the little house to which her husband had brought her as a bride. All her married life had been spent in it. The walls had echoed to the laughter of children, then given back the silence of three little graves in the burial-ground behind the hill. Her daughter Lucy had been the last one to go, but she had left the old place for a home of her own, and the white lilac had been in full bloom when she walked down the path to the front gate, and drove away.

The house was a little, low story and a half structure, painted white and set far back in its yard. There were no other houses within half a mile, and the narrow country road running past it on the north, wound like a tawny ribbon, now in the shade of over-arching trees, then again emerging into the open sunlight. The fields waved away on either side, girded by low lines of distant green-crowned hills. At the rear of the house was a patch of garden; to the left a well with its old-fashioned sweep, and over the back porch ran the blue, white and crimson screen of the ivy-leaved morning-glory.

Every afternoon after her simple housekeeping duties were over, old Mrs. Lane would sit down in her rocking-chair beside the parlor window. The rocking-chair had a high back and a cushion of gay colored chintz, and as she knitted or sewed, she rocked gently back and forth. In her neat, freshly starched dress pinned at the throat with an old-fashioned hair brooch, and with a bit of fine lace on her white hair, she seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of content, of orderliness and calm. Her sweet old face still retained something of the beauty of youth, a beauty that had mellowed into the delicate tints of old ivory. Her eyes had the softened dimness of one who has left the past far behind, yet can still summon it back at will across the threshold of the present.

The early spring afternoon went by on soft footsteps. The air was vibrant with the promise of coming summer, the scent of moist brown earth, the freshness of green, growing things. Birds darted

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by, busy at their nesting; the far line of hills shone clear and distinct in the mirrored light.

Mrs. Lane knitted on, her long, steel needles clicking in the stillness. At half-past five she rolled up the stocking, stuck her needles through it and put it away. Then she went out into the kitchen, made the fire and filled the teakettle. In its shining copper surface she could see the reflection of her own face. From an oak dresser that stood in one corner she took down a cup and saucer and plate of a quaint blue pattern. She held the cup to the light and it was as transparent as an egg-shell. Then she cut some thin slices of bread, brought out quince preserve and spice cake, and a little pat of butter, then when the teakettle sent forth a cloudy steam, she made the tea and sat down to the table. She ate slowly, sipping her tea and breaking off small pieces of the rich cake. When she had finished she washed the blue dishes carefully and set them away. A few flaky ashes had dropped onto the hearth and these she brushed underneath the grate. She moved the teakettle back, straightened the table-cloth, and then went back to her rocking-chair beside the parlor window.

Presently she rose and went out of doors, down the path to the front gate. She rested her arms upon it and stood there in the soft spring dusk. The hills rose faintly in the afterglow like hills of dream. Fireflies lit the fields like wavering candle-flames. Along the road the shadows lengthened and grew darker. In the dusk of night the lilac bush was like a white blur, breathing forth a fragrance of old days, old loves, old joys. For a long time Mrs. Lane stood there in the twilight, then she turned and went slowly back into the house.

THE next morning at work in the garden, she heard the sound of wheels coming along the road. They stopped at the gate, and hastily wiping her earth-stained hands on her apron she came around the corner of the house just as her daughter Lucy climbed down from the step. Lucy lived not far away and she drove over every now and then to see her mother. She reached back into the buggy, pulled out the hitching-strap and tied the horse to the post with quick jerks of the strap. Then she opened the gate and came up the path. The old woman hurried to meet her.

"I'm real glad to see you, Lucy, even though I wa'nt expectin' you. Come right in an' lay off your things."

She pushed back her sunbonnet as she spoke and the younger woman stooped and kissed her.

"Well I didn't hav' anythin' very pressin' just now, an' the

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weather so nice an' all, I thought I better come whilst I had the chance."

She followed her mother around the house to the back door. She was a large woman and she walked heavily. A little out-reaching spray of morning-glory touched her shoulder as she passed beneath the porch, and she brushed it aside impatiently. In the kitchen she sat down in the rocking-chair and began to untie the strings of her bonnet. Mrs. Lane stood watching her, rolling her hands in her apron.

"Sakes alive, ma, what's all thet on your apron?"

"Tain't nothin', Lucy, only a little fresh dirt. I've been workin' a little out in the garden."

"I don't see no need o' your workin' out in the yard same's a man." Lucy rocked back and forth, fanning her red face with her handkerchief. "An old woman like you, diggin' an' grubbin'. I've no patience with it."

"I wan't doin' very much, Lucy, just kind o' loosenin' the earth a little. Beans an' peas an' radishes an' all them little green, growin' things, need tendin' same's children. I'm goin' to hev a real nice garden."

Lucy did not reply directly.

"I met old man Haynes," she said, "as I was comin' along an' he stopped an' asked how you was. Said he hadn't seen you in a long time. I don't see how you ever stand it here, not seein' folks from one week's end to the other."

"Old folks ain't like young folks, Lucy. Their thoughts is comp'ny enough."

Lucy brushed a speck of dust from the skirt of her dress, then she got up and took her bonnet and gloves into the little bedroom off the kitchen. She paused a moment before the dresser and smoothed back her hair. She had large, heavy features, with decision molded in every line. Her light blue eyes were purposeful, unwavering. The very swing of her shoulders as she walked bespoke conviction—leadership.

"You'd best let me get the dinner, ma, while you rest," she was saying as she came out of the bedroom. "I know where to find everything. You set still now an' let me do it."

Mrs. Lane protested a little but the other moved about with uncompromising assurance from table to cupboard, from cupboard to stove, with a great deal of rattling of dishes and pans. They ate for a few minutes in silence, then Lucy spoke.

"Seem's like it's awful quiet 'round here, ma. Don't you never notice it, stayin' here alone all day? It's a sight lonesomer than

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over to our place. I was tellin' Sam last night, an' he said 'twan't no way for wimmen folks to live alone."

"Tain't lonesome to me, Lucy. It's diff'runt with you. You've got Sam an' the children, an' Sam's home 's your home now."

She paused a moment.

"I've allays plenty to do, an' then—an' then besides there's most allays somebody here."

"Somebody here!" Lucy looked up in surprise. "What do you mean, ma?"

The older woman's cheeks flushed faintly.

"It's just this way. I never go 'bout my work here in the kitchen, Lucy, that I don't see your father settin' in his old chair there by the window. Whenever I go in the bedroom I hear the little helpless cry I heard early the mornin' you was born. I never sit in the parlor of an afternoon an' see the sunshine playin' over the walls, that I don't seem to see some little outstretched hands tryin' to catch the brightness. An' after supper, down by the gate, with the hills an' the fields an' the long road, an' the smell o' the lilacs, we stand there, your father an' me, just like the first evenin' I come here a bride."

She looked at her daughter with a something in her eyes that was almost an appeal. Lucy set down her coffee cup.

"Well, ef you don't beat all!"

She pushed back her chair with a grating sound.

"I don't wonder you've got such notions, livin' here alone day in an' day out. I never heard o' such a thing."

She did not look at her mother as she poured some hot water into the pan and began to wash the dishes vigorously. Mrs. Lane wiped each one carefully and put it away. A little later in the soft spring afternoon, they sat down with their work in the parlor. The room was sweet with the fragrance of the lilacs. Lucy began stitching the wristband of a little shirt. Once she paused and looked out of the window.

"That white lilac 's kind o' sickinin' sweet, ain't it? But it's pretty with all them white blooms."

Her mother looked at her.

"It looked just thet way the day you was married, Lucy, do you remember?"

"Why, yes, so it did. It was just this kind o' a day, too, mos' twelve years ago."

She took up her work, and they sewed on in silence while the sunlight grew softer and the shadows longer and more pointed. At half-past five Mrs. Lane went out into the kitchen.

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"I'll set out the supper," she said with a timid eagerness as the other followed her. She laid the white cloth carefully.

"Don't you find white ones make a sight o' washin'?"

Lucy was watching her from her place beside the window.

"I ain't so very hard on 'em," the old woman answered as she crossed the room to the oak dresser. She took down two plates and two cups and saucers and put them on the table.

Lucy drew her chair to the table. The late afternoon light coming in at the window lay in broken bars across the floor. The morning-glories over the back porch hung closed and drooping. The air held a strange restlessness; the buzz and hum of hurrying wings that precedes the hush of night. Mrs. Lane reached over and helped herself to a piece of the spice cake.

"Sakes alive, ma, I shouldn't think you'd hev any stomach left, eatin' such rich stuff 's thet!"

"I never touch but one piece, Lucy. I don't think it hurts me a mite."

Early the next morning Lucy started on her homeward drive. Her mother standing at the gate watched her as she turned out the buggy. She came back a moment and stooping kissed the gentle old face.

"Good-bye, ma," she said. "Now don't you go to workin' too hard. Sam an' I want you should come over an' make us a visit 'fore long."

The old woman watched until the turn in the dusty road hid horse and buggy, then she went back into the house. As she went about her work she was conscious of a feeling of elation, a sort of freedom of joy. Though she would scarcely admit it to herself she was glad to be alone once more; glad of the smell of the fresh earth and the stains on her hands as she loosened the ground in the little patch of garden; glad of the long, still afternoon and of her supper of tea and spice-cake; of the lilac-scented dusk, and the happy quiet of her own thoughts.

"It's just Lucy's way," she said to herself, as if in justification.

Toward the end of the week, as she worked in the morning sunshine, she heard again the sound of wheels along the road. She straightened up, pushing back her sunbonnet and shading her eyes with her hand. A bird darted past, a swift shadow in the blue. The wheels came steadily on and stopped before the gate as they had stopped that other morning more than a week ago. In a few minutes Lucy's ponderous figure came around the corner of the house.

"Why, Lucy!" Old Mrs. Lane stepped stiffly forward.

"Yes, it's me, ma. I got to thinkin' things over after I got home

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the other day an' I said to Sam I'm a goin' right back 's soon 's the road's dry so's I can get there."

She paused for breath. Standing there in the brilliant sunshine she looked the very embodiment of determination.

"Yes, we talked it over, Sam an' me, an' we decided you'd best come an' live with us. We're goin' to build on another room an' fix it up fer you. 'Tain't right, ma, you're livin' here alone, an old woman like you."

The trowel in Mrs. Lane's hands dropped to the ground.

"I guess we'd better go in the house, Lucy. The sun's pretty warm."

She led the way and Lucy followed her into the cool kitchen. The old woman sat heavily down in the chair beside the window. Her hands trembled as she took off her sunbonnet.

"There now, ma, you're all tired out diggin' an' workin' out in that garden. 'Tain't any kind o' work fer an old woman like you."

Lucy stood looking down at her.

"I've been thinkin' fer a long time back that you'd ought to make your home with Sam an' me. It's all nonsense your livin' alone way off here. I got to thinkin' it all over an' I just couldn't stand it another minute 'til I got here. You can live with us an' it'll be just the same as 'tis here, only you won't need to do a bit o' work. An' with the children round 'twon't be near so lonesome."

The clock ticked loudly. Beyond the open door the morning-glories swayed back and forth in the breeze.

"It's good of you an' Sam to want me, Lucy," Mrs. Lane looked up hesitatingly, "but I think I'm better off here. What would we do with all my things, an' besides—no, I don't see how I could go, Lucy."

"There's no use o' your worryin' 'bout that, mother. You just leave it all to Sam an' me. You won't need to tend to a thing. We can store all the things in our barn, there's plenty o' room."

"But the house, Lucy? What'll become o' the house, an' that white lilac bush down by the front gate?"

Lucy looked out of the window at the blue hills. "Sam says he don't think we'll have any trouble sellin' the house. This is a good piece o' land."

The other leaned forward.

"Sell this place! Sell the house where you was born! An' let strangers come in. Whatever are you thinkin' of, Lucy?"

Her voice faltered and broke.

"Why, mother, I never dreamed you'd take it like that. We thought this was a good chance to get rid of the place. I don't

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blame you for feelin' bad, of course, when it's been your home all these years, but we can't always take account o' our feelin's. It's a bad thing for a house to stand empty, Sam says. An' as for your tryin' to live on here all alone at your age, it ain't right an' I ain't a goin' to let you do it!"

It was a few hours later when Lucy kissed her mother good-bye. "I'll drive over after you a week from today. Sam can move the things afterward. There's no real hurry about 'em."

She placed one foot on the step of the buggy, then turned once more. In the strong afternoon sunlight her mother's face looked very old and strangely tired.

"You're all wore out now," she said as she drove off.

THE days went by—days of brilliant sunshine when the air quivered as though seen through a glass. Each morning old Mrs. Lane standing in the doorway beneath the morning-glories, looked out at the dew-drenched earth, the tender green of grass and leaf. Every afternoon sitting in the chintz-cushioned chair beside the parlor window she saw the playing sunbeams on the walls; the white mist of the lilac-bush. She clung to each hour with a passionate clinging, an exquisite joy that yet had in it the shadow of futurity.

On the last night she stood long at the gate, while the dusk unfolded slowly like the petals of a great flower. Beneath the trees the road wound dark and still and fireflies gleamed across the fields. She leaned heavily, her hands clasped upon the top rail. Out from the surrounding shadows the white lilac stood forth in an almost ethereal beauty and with the fragrance of some far-off, long-remembered June. There had been a spray of it on her wedding bonnet and the two little graves on the hill behind the house were always covered with it in season. Her mind went back to all her yesterdays; that first night of all when she had stood there, young and a bride; on down through all the happy years to these last ones in their peaceful twilight of content. As the slender spiral shoots of a plant cling around the body that gives them life, so she clung to the remembrance of each lilac-scented dusk. Suddenly above the rim of the treetops on the opposite side of the road, a single star shone forth. Alone, yet serene and luminous it hung in the immeasurable distance of the summer sky. The old woman watched it, then she straightened up. She reached over and touched a spray of the white lilac. Trembling a little, yet with a certain inward buoyancy, she went back up the path to the house.

It was noon the next day when Lucy came for her. She entered

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the little kitchen in a sort of arrogant strength, her presence seeming to tower above everything else in the room.

"Well, here I am, mother, same's I said I'd be. We've got a nice day, too. Sam'll be over first thing in the morning after the things. Don't you be frettin' about 'em—they'll be safe enough."

Lucy, pausing to get her breath, looked sharply at her mother. The latter had on her calico dress. It had some fresh mud-stains on the skirt. She was moving about setting the table for dinner.

"Why, mother, ain't you dressed yet? You've got on that old calico—an'—whatever are you doin' settin' out the table like that?"

The old woman glanced up at the clock.

"It's mos' dinner time," she said quietly. A strange new note had crept into her voice. "You'd better put your hat and gloves in the bedroom. It'll be ready in a minute."

"It'll be the middle o' the afternoon 'fore we're ready to start, at this rate, mother." Lucy spoke impatiently. "I s'posed you'd be all ready. I dropped everything to come an' I thought we'd just eat a bite on the way an' have an early supper after we get home."

She looked around her.

"I didn't know but what you'd have some o' the things you set so much store by, them blue dishes an' all, packed up to take along with us. Well, Sam can fetch 'em with the rest o' the things. You go on in an' change your dress an' I'll set this dinner into a basket."

"No, Lucy, I'm goin' to dish it up an' we'll have dinner at my house," she spoke with gentle emphasis. "You can go right afterward if you feel you must get back. I've got some dumplin's on the stove—your father was dretful fond of 'em."

"Why, mother,—whatever—?"

"Just listen to me, Lucy. I've decided I ain't a goin' home to live with you an' Sam. I'm a goin' to stay on right here in this house where your father brought me a bride. It's allays been home an' it allays will be 'til the Lord calls me to a better one. When you married Sam you went away to start a new home of your own. You've fixed it all up with your own things that nothin' else can ever take the place of. Mebbe you're too young to understan', Lucy, but some day you'll know that it's allays home where the heart is. An' it's the buildin' up o' each generation that's made the world—the goin' out o' the young folks to start all over again. You ain't so far away but what you could come if you was needed. The little work I hev to do ain't a goin' to hurt me a mite. I'm happy every hour o' the day an' as I told you I ain't ever lonesome. I ain't like some. I've comp'ny enough. Mebbe when you get as old as I be you'll understan'."

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She smiled a little, then went on.

"An' why shouldn't I hev things nice if I do be all alone. I never question what's set afore me at your house. I never tell you what you'd ought o' do. Folks 's got their own ways, what's best for 'em. No, Lucy, you've got your own home an' I've got mine. You'll allays be welcome whenever you're a mind to come, an' Sam an' the children, but it's *my* house an' it allays will be, to do as I please."

She paused. Two bright spots of color were burning in either cheek. For the first time in her life Lucy was shaken out of her complacent, self-satisfied dominance. She recognized that she had to do at last with a will, which though so newly assertive, was as strong as her own.

"Well I must say I think you're dretful foolish, mother. An' I don't know what Sam'll think!"

She drew up her chair to the table.

"I s'pose I might 's well have some warm victuals 'fore I start back again."

As soon as dinner was over she rose and pinned on her hat. The older woman watched her, the color still burning in her cheeks. Lucy pulled on both gloves with a jerk, then she stooped and kissed her mother good-bye.

"The children 'll be dretful disappointed," she said.

When the turn in the road had hid her ponderous figure from sight, old Mrs. Lane went back into the kitchen. All through the rest of the afternoon she went about her work in a sort of exaltation—a strange intoxicating sweetness of newly acquired power. She sat with her sewing beside the parlor window while the sunbeams played over the walls. When it came to be supper-time she got out the white cloth and the thin blue china cup, then drank her tea and ate her one piece of spice cake and a little dish of preserves.

The light slowly left the hills and the day deepened to dusk. Fireflies lit their lamps in the gloom of the fields. The stillness enfolded like a caress. Down beside the front gate the white lilac leaned familiarly, breathing forth a peace ineffable, the calm of old undisturbed memories, and its fragrance was as a fragrance everlasting.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER SIXTEEN



IT IS no use attempting to consider the subject of ornament or decoration without first asking ourselves why we ornament. And our attempts to distinguish good ornament from bad will always be unsuccessful if not founded on consideration of the motives underlying it. These will be found to be many and various. Most of the finest ornament has been produced because of the desire to honor achievement or to express some great idea, sentiment or principle. It has been an act of worship, an expression of devotion toward some god, or a tribute to the memory of the departed, the sacredness of home, to a civic ideal, bravery, hospitality, purity, justice or piety. Also much true ornament has been the spontaneous expression of delight in beauty, in the loveliness of flowers, fruit, foliage, of human and animal shapes, of line, form and color. Or again the wish to teach, to recount and record history, to commemorate the acts of individuals or of gods, has called beautiful ornament into existence.

Our debt to symbolism can scarcely be overestimated. Its use in ornament has been a medium for the voicing of many truths difficult of direct expression. And when heraldry was a living art much beautiful ornament grew out of its vitality because it had then always something definite to say.

All *true* ornament *must* be the expression of an idea, and what that idea is should be our first concern. If it be a noble one, worthy of our respect, and the ornament in itself beautiful, we should welcome it as a good thing, adding to the joy of life. If we find, however, that its underlying motive is only self-aggrandizement, ostentation, display, commercial advancement, personal luxury or the creation of envy in others, then it should receive only our contempt. If we find the purely mechanical and meaningless trying to pass for ornament we should have none of it.

And further, ornament worthy of the name must have given joy to its producer or it cannot in its turn give joy to the beholder; so we may safely reject all which does not bear evidences of the artist's pleasure in making it. For it is not enough to know that the underlying motive was good. The real justification for its existence lies in the fact that it was done with joy.

Browning says "You may do anything you like in Art, but mustn't do anything you do not like." This does not mean, of course, that much troublesome, monotonous, painstaking and persevering work will not be involved, but that all such work will be undertaken and carried through gladly, in anticipation of joy in the result.

MURAL DECORATION FOR HOUSE INTERIORS

Judged by these standards what will become of the patterns machined on most of our wall, floor and furniture coverings, our dress materials, curtains, picture frames, wardrobes and cabinets?

Thus we are brought to the conclusion that we are better without all that spurious ornament which we find is not in the true sense of the word "a work of art." William Morris once said "Have nothing in your rooms which you do not either know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." Three tests, therefore, we may always safely apply to anything we purpose to use in decorating our rooms. First we must probe down to the motive for its existence and our use of it; next we must inquire whether it bears the evidences of our own or another's pleasure in its production; and to the third test I shall come later.

Now it is quite possible that ornament may be reproduced by more or less mechanical processes and still give pleasure to the user, but the pleasure taken in producing that which passes through many such processes generally becomes so remote before the ornament comes into use that the pleasure the user may derive from it is often very short lived, depending necessarily upon how mechanical the processes are.

Some processes of reproduction involve so much careful thought and so much pleasure in execution, that art is, as it were, kept alive through them. Many branches of the printer's art, such, for example, as wood-block printing of wall-papers and fabrics, various lithographing and engraving processes, while they enable an article to be multiplied indefinitely, require such exercise of artistic feeling that art is kept alive to the end.

The third test to be applied to anything claiming to be decoration is Owen Jones' time-honored maxim: "Ornament construction, do not construct ornament."

The longer one continues to apply this test, the more one comes to see its essential truth and to realize what very careful study is needed to find the line of demarcation between ornamented construction and constructed ornament.

Of course, in some cases the insincerity is self-evident. When we see a huge pediment erected over the middle house in a crescent or terrace it is not difficult to recognize constructed ornament, for it obviously adds nothing but expense to that house, and is false in its suggestion that the house is somehow different from or more important than the others.

Again, when we see an enormous portico erected in the middle of a group of buildings, evidently fulfilling no useful purpose, not even marking the main entrance, but only a door, which (as in a



Decoration and Furniture Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

TWO VIEWS OF A DINING ROOM IN BELFAST,
IRELAND, SHOWING MURAL DECORATION.



Decoration and Furniture Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

TWO PICTURESQUE VIEWS OF AN UNUSUAL
DRAWING ROOM IN HOUSE AT BELFAST, SHOW-
ING INTERESTING MURAL DECORATIONS.



Decoration and Furniture Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

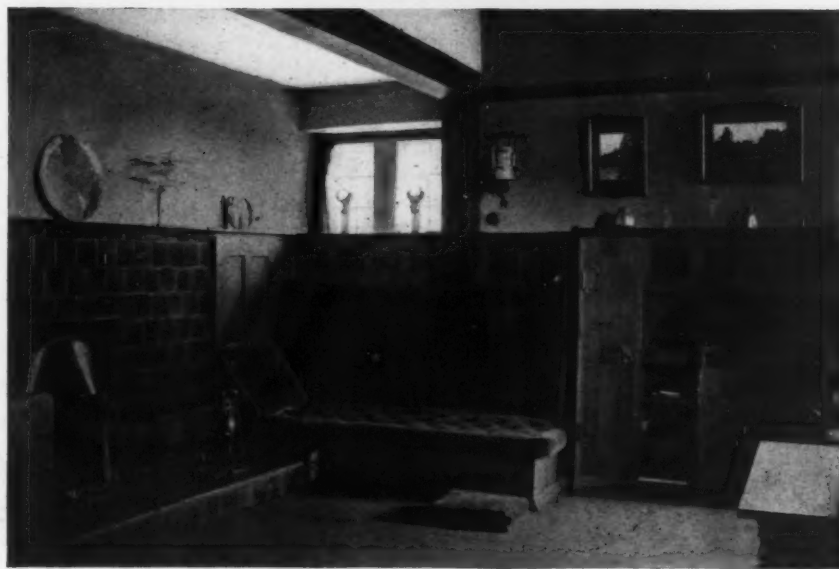
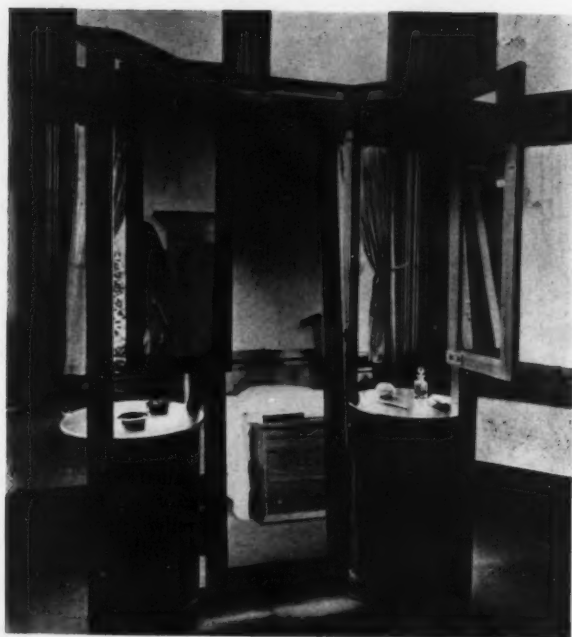
TWO VIEWS OF THE MORNING ROOM IN
HOUSE AT BELFAST, WITH MURAL
DECORATION SET IN BOOKCASE.



Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

A ROOM IN A HOUSE IN DERBYSHIRE WITH
INTERESTING FITTINGS.

FIREPLACE IN HOUSE IN ESSEX INTEREST-
INGLY PLACED IN CORNER OF ROOM.



Decoration and Furniture Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

DRESSING TABLE IN A HOUSE IN BEL-
FAST, IRELAND.

FIRESIDE AND BUILT-IN CORNER SEAT
IN A DERBYSHIRE HOUSE, ENGLAND.



Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin.

INTERESTINGLY FURNISHED STUDY IN HOUSE
IN BELFAST.

INGLE IN HOUSE IN HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE,
WITH MURAL DECORATION OVER FIREPLACE.

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known instance) the local guide book naïvely says was "never intended to be used," we instinctively feel something artificial and insincere; even if we do not go so far as to class it as mere bombastic display, we have here again no difficulty in labeling it constructed ornament.

If we carry up a piece of wall above the roof of a building expressly to form a niche in it instead of forming such niche in one of the walls of the building, we are constructing ornament. If we pile up cabinetwork beyond what is needed for couches or seats, for the holding of our books, papers and clothes, or the performance of other useful functions, or if we design the lines of a chair so that it cannot be constructed in the simplest and most direct way, we are again constructing ornament.

But our real difficulties come when we try to apply Owen Jones' aphorism, though still true, to such things as triumphal arches and detached groups of sculpture, which, rightly regarded, are ornaments on a grand scale, ornaments of a street, a square, a park, a city, and which yet have parts that must be considered constructional.

Our three rules must be taken together. If we find the desire is to honor something honorable, to say something worth saying, to express delight in beauty, we shall find this leads us to ornament construction, not to construct ornament, and the pleasure we shall take in our work will make it such as will give pleasure.

To return to interior decoration. Not only does its success depend upon its being used to help express such sentiments as hospitality and the welcoming of guests,—by dignifying the main entrance, for instance,—but there seems an appropriateness in applying it to the fireside, to do honor to the hearth as a symbol of the home. Artistically very much depends upon the decoration being clustered around such given points, instead of being spread evenly, whether sparsely or profusely, or dotted indiscriminately over all surfaces.

In a room where many things are equally ornamented, no one piece of decoration "stands a chance," for its beauties cannot be seen or appreciated. Suppose, for example, a rich and beautiful piece of Oriental embroidery is taken from the drawing room of a country house to decorate some barn which is to serve as a temporary concert room. Will not many a person be ashamed to think how many times he has seen this drapery without having in the faintest degree appreciated its beauty, simply because its worth was lost amid the elaborateness of its former surroundings?

The house at Belfast, in Ireland, here illustrated, was an existing one which I was asked to decorate and furnish. I could make

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no alterations in the fireplaces, though I felt the mantelpieces were constructed ornament and would fain have tried for a little more of that home feeling attempted in the firesides in Essex and in Derbyshire and the ingle in Harrogate, Yorkshire.

We need not fear, as we often do, getting a monotonous effect in our rooms, for this rarely happens. When everything possible is done to secure a restful, quiet and harmonious treatment, the people who will come and the things which will be brought into a house will inevitably introduce a greater number of different colors, forms and textures than are artistically desirable, and the last thing which need be feared is an effect of monotony.

We can therefore safely have our walls and woodwork one color throughout the house, and if possible the floors alike throughout. One color for upholstery and curtains is desirable, at least throughout each story, for this will generally give an effect of spaciousness, completeness and quiet. We must remember that all these surfaces and hangings are only rightly considered as backgrounds for people and their belongings, such as flowers, books, etc., and their success lies in being effective as such.

Another point to be borne in mind is the fact that to insure that feeling of comfort which is an artistic as well as a practical essential, there must also be a look of cleanliness. Not only must a house be comfortable, but it must look so, and this is impossible unless it looks clean. So the words "cleanliness" and "comfort" seem inseparable. Now it is impossible to get this feeling of cleanliness in a room if the things in it are chosen, like those in the back sitting-room of the ordinary boarding house, because they "will not show the dirt." To look clean, things must be capable of showing they are clean. If they are of the kind which does not show the dirt, it matters not how spotless they may be, they will never give the feeling of cleanliness. We sometimes hear it said in praise of a cottager that "she is such a clean-looking woman and her home looks so neat and fresh." It is the white apron and light print dress which give this impression. The same woman would not have the same appearance of cleanliness in a dull black frock and brown gray apron, no matter how spotless.

In the house at Belfast, shown here, we have no easel-pictures on the walls. Instead there are many slightly conventionalized landscapes and seascapes, bird, foliage and figure subjects used as decoration. On this point, when speaking of the decorative paintings used in the house at Caterham, I tried to make my position clear in regard to the degree of realism I thought might be permitted in paintings used as decoration. I took a stand for the admission of a

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greater degree of realism than many would have. I contended that when an artist leaves his easel-picture, which he has come to consider as a thing apart and detached from all surroundings, and applies himself to decorating a prescribed space, he instinctively and perhaps unconsciously works more decoratively, and there will probably come into his work just that element of realism which makes it sufficiently decorative.

But the number of rooms in which we are called upon to omit the easel-picture is very small indeed. Easel-pictures are almost always the most important element in the decoration of domestic interiors; their painters may insist as much as they like that they should not be regarded as such, but it cannot be avoided. The moment they are introduced into a room they must, whether the artist wishes it or not, take their place, effectively or not, in the general scheme, and must be considered in relation to their surroundings. They create one of the architect's difficulties. Their temporary look when merely hung upon the walls creates a certain restlessness in the general effect. They are still almost invariably hung too high,—not only far too high to be seen to best advantage by those sitting, but too high even for those standing. This applies not merely to pictures but to almost everything else in a room. When considering the disposition of interior furnishings we do it standing, and we arrange everything to look at its best when viewed from a standing position; whereas, in nearly every room we seem to drop below the proper level in relation to everything when we sink into a chair. Surely this is wrong! Since, when indoors, we sit many hours more than we stand, should not our rooms look best when viewed from a sitting position? Are we not then more at ease to enjoy and more likely to perceive any beauties there may be in our surroundings?

I must not close without admitting that when all has been said for other forms of decoration for our rooms, we have in living flowers and plants something hardly to be equalled and never to be surpassed.

WHAT THE GATEWAY HAS TO SAY

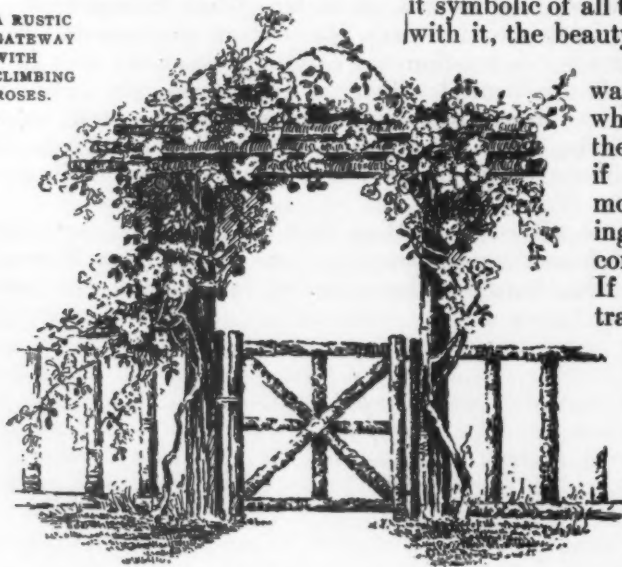


IN MUSIC some haunting theme is chosen that prevails under many guises throughout the whole composition, appearing now and then in its own compelling beauty, undisguised, unadorned. The entire composition is but a background—though charming in itself—for the development of the full sweetness or power of the chosen theme. In art all details exist for the perfecting of the one ideal or theme which the artist is striving to manifest to the world. In gardening—if it is to form a trio with music and art—there must also be one dominant idea. The theme should be announced by the gateway, and the garden based upon it. Whether the garden is formal or natural, a fugue or a rhapsody, classical or genre, the gateway should so proclaim. It should stir the imagination, be the note or key to all that is to follow in the development of the garden. It should be a composite embodiment of the prevailing characteristics of the place. It should seem to say:

“Now lift my latch and readily I swing
To bid thee come where courtesy is king.”—GUITERMAN.

So much depends upon first impressions, upon the approach to a home. If it is carelessly designed we are apt to expect inefficiency or bad taste to predominate in the rest of the domain. If it is clean-cut, or substantial, graceful, simple or imposing, we cannot but think it symbolic of all that is associated with it, the beauty it leads to.

A RUSTIC
GATEWAY
WITH
CLIMBING
ROSES.



Things are, in a way, harmonious whether we intend them to be or not, if we accept harmonious as meaning all that is in accord or in relation. If at the very entrance of a garden we see a gate that departs from the lines of beauty, we are bound to imagine such departure will prevail throughout the garden and

WHAT THE GATEWAY HAS TO SAY

house, that all possessions will be in accord. Inherent taste, good or bad, shows in and through all we do, be it building a gate or a garden, cooking a meal, selecting our clothes or our friends. Originality will characterize everything that some person says or does. A fine delicacy or sweetness will be manifest in another's life, or simplicity will prevail throughout work or speech. We betray ourselves at every step, by every move, so it behooves us to cultivate our taste, to raise our standard, to keep close watch over each detail of whatever we are constructing. For the gate of our garden or the door of our house speaks loudly



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND STILE.

of ourselves, our discrimination, before we can speak for ourselves.

The gateway should announce the status and individuality of the owner of the garden as unmistakably as the uniformed heralds of old proclaimed the name and attainments of the masters they represented. If we see a garden with a neat, trim brick wall around it whose severity is relieved by vines decorously (not riotously) clinging to it, with a white picket gate permitting a friendly glimpse within, with gay but stately flowers looking out at the passing world, we are sure that it belongs to some one who has built her garden in a New England village and has not departed from the traditions of her people. We know that the flowers are set in beds, that the walks are of brick with no trace of grass in their crevices, and that there is a tea-table under some fine old tree!

Or perhaps the garden is a diminutive one, hanging on some gently sloping hillside, set in the midst of trees self-planted, filled to overflowing with what are called common flowers (and no sweeter flowers exist), and the unpretentious entrance is rustic, like the white birches nearby. The roses that cover this are "common" also, profusely blooming, showering the stranger without the gates as well as the dweller within with their sweetness, as a child hangs at a gate, smiling at all who pass, beggar or king, friend or foe. We know that the flowers riot at will in such a place, that the paths are grass grown, that it is altogether lovely, and we feel sure some home-

WHAT THE GATEWAY HAS TO SAY

loving, garden-loving woman walks therein, tending
with her own hands her flower friends.

And so one might speak 'indefinitely

of the type of garden and its maker behind the irregularly piled stone wall, and the type behind the pompously constructed stone wall with sharpened stones set on end along the top like so many bayonets, warning everyone that the dweller within is not to be trifled with, that no weary traveler need loiter for rest in its



A LATTICE GATEWAY WITH VINES.

neighborhood, that watch dogs guard and police are summoned by wire! And the beautiful wrought-iron gates, imported, obtained through some impoverished nobleman's necessity and planted triumphantly at the portals of a garden filled with statuary as woe-fully out of place, exotic flowers, ornamental trees, clipped hedges, uniformed gardeners,—need we describe the owner?

Much care, therefore, should be given to the designing of the gateway, since it is so important an introduction to the garden, the home and the people within. It can be made so beautiful that one would be tempted to loiter there, and seats nearby or under its arch would be quite appropriate. There the traveler, be he guest or owner, could pause a moment, cast away his burdening cares and enter the enclosure with "smiling face" that he might not feel sad and out of place wandering among the flowers.

A trellis gate with trellis arch above and flowering vines, wistaria, clematis, or honeysuckle, winding in and out through the bars, pushing their blossoms through the sides, dropping them from above, is vibrant with beauty and interest. Such a gateway is etched forever on the memory of the child who goes in and out of his home through it. Loving the one that he associates with home, he is quick to see beauty in other gates, comparing them with his child-

WHAT THE GATEWAY HAS TO SAY

hood ideal, and so unconsciously he is kept in close touch with home influences as he wanders far through strange lands.

Garden gates are linked in many of our lives with some sort of romance, if not the romance of love that plays so vital a part in everyone's existence and brings out the best or

worst of us, at least with the romance of home-leaving and home-coming, and in literature and history they have also played a picturesque part.

Mediæval gates were an integral part of ancient city walls. Proclamations were made by couriers, kings listened to petitions and administered justice under the shadow of their fortified arches. They were wonderfully imposing with their machicolated battlements and turreted towers, as those remaining in Nürnberg and Lübeck still testify. Such gates were of great importance from a military point of view and were sometimes made very beautiful, as shown by the Propylæa at Athens, the famous triumphal arch left us from old Roman days. Assyro-Babylonian city gates were huge structures where lawyers held court and scribes proved their learning. There were rooms above, and dark underground passages beneath leading to dungeons. The city gates of Segui and Alatri, the Lion gateway of Mycenæ are notable examples of the skill of builders of the sixth and seventh centuries B. C. Other famous gates preserved to us from ancient days are to be seen at Viterbo, Falerii, Benvenuto. The golden Gateway of Jerusalem, the gateways of bridges at Cambridge and Oxford, monastic gates opening to sacred enclosures, hold great historical and architectural interest.

In Biblical days we read of city gates, for "Samson took the door of the gate of the city and the two posts and went away with them, bar and all."



A RUSTIC GATEWAY WITH SEAT ENCLOSED.

WHAT THE GATEWAY HAS TO SAY

Nowadays, however, the gates of importance to us are not the fortified ones of a city, but those which open into gardens of peace. Roses are the missiles now hurled at us as a fragrant welcome, petals are showered upon us instead of arrows, crystal clear little brooks take the place of bloody moats. And we are "glad to the brink of fear" as we enter the citadel of our own home that it need be battlemented only with roses whose armament of sweetest flowers is drawn upon to meet besieging friends.

Gates are deeply symbolic when the spiritual life is referred to, for when words cannot be found adequate to their task of directly conveying ideas, then symbolism is called upon for aid. How can the infinite be encompassed, described by finite words, direct speech? It is through such symbolic words as "I am the door" that our imagination is touched, our understanding somewhat awakened, and we perceive faintly the message given through them. Symbolism leads us to a point we are familiar with, understand, love and trust, and from this vantage ground we venture a little further. We are familiar with doors or gateways that shut us out of gardens or countries we wish to enter, so we can easily imagine a wonderful door that would open at our slightest knock, allowing us audience, face to face, with our heart's desire!

NEW YORK was much moved last winter by Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," a play depicting the soul's search for happiness. We were thrilled with the scene where little children waited at the Gate of Life, whose winged portals remained closed to them until they could pass through with some message or gift in their hands to bear to the world of experience they longed so earnestly to enter.

The Gate of Death that opens to let tired workers enter a new life with all the possibilities of a new birth, new opportunity, fresh courage, renewed strength, is a well-known, beautiful and comforting symbol. And we speak of the five senses as the "five gateways of knowledge" that make possible our continual approach to the great knowledge enthroned within the garden of life that is walled about with ignorance.

It is through the gate of memory that the old folk return to the days of their youth, frolic again in the old orchard, build dams in the brook, jog merrily to school, loiter slowly home with the lass of laughing eyes, swing with her at the garden gate that later on opens to let them pass through, as hand in hand they depart from the old to build the new home.

We cannot see a stone stile fringed about with wild flowers that

WHAT THE GATEWAY HAS TO SAY

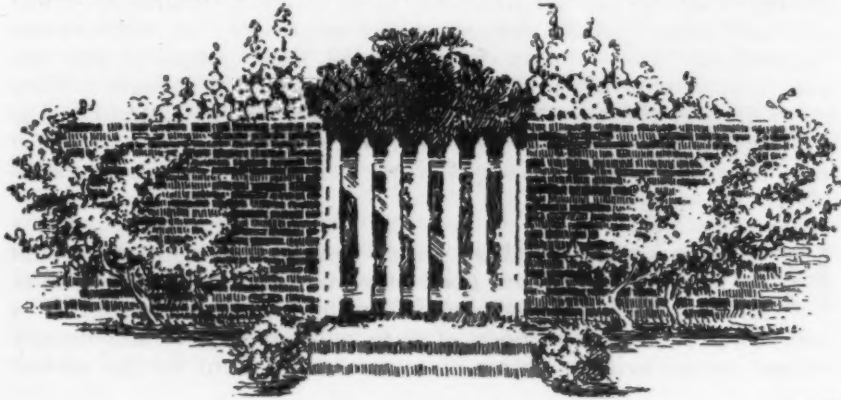
delicately brush the passing step, without a vision of the man who made it. We see him selecting and cutting the tall posts, carving his name and the date upon it if it is to be set at the entrance of his own new home. We see little children passing in and out on their way to school, and a young man pausing beside it waving farewell to the father who placed it there, as he passes out to the Open Road of the large unknown world before him. Real life is associated with such a humble gateway and it is plainly manifest in every detail.

Mystery surrounds the small wooden gate set snugly in the high cement walls that bar the jarring world from the quiet monastery within. How many unhappy souls have passed through such a narrow gate seeking the peace lost in the outer world.

Romance encircles the rose-bowered trellis gate, simplicity the square-hewn one, conventionality the well-cut stone gate, hospitality and good cheer the white wicket.

"The painter, the sculptor, the musician," says Carpenter, "are forever bringing their dreams of Beauty and Perfection forward from the recesses and treasure-houses of their hearts and giving them a place in the world. And not only the artist and musician but every workman who makes things does the same."

Since we are all moved by beautiful memories, dear associations, since we owe so much to those who have built the houses, temples, walks and bridges that we have loved, can we not add an individual note of beauty, grace, charm all our own, and thus cancel our indebtedness to those who have gone before? Can we not, in making our gardens and designing our gateways, bring from the treasure-house of our own hearts something that is worth a place in the world, something that will add to its beauty and its usefulness?



SPECIAL FURNITURE DESIGNED FOR INDIVIDUAL HOMES: ILLUSTRATED BY THE WORK OF C. F. A. VOYSEY



HOW often does the modern civilized person say to himself: "After all, what is a house for? Just why do we build it? What is the use of all this furniture? Why do we wear these particular clothes?" It would be a safe estimate to say that not one in a million ever does this. About all these things they usually ask: "What is in vogue?" or "What is in style?" or "How much can we afford?" This has been going on so long in fact that people have almost forgotten the original purposes of things that serve them in their daily life. They cease to expect beauty and utility and comfort and joy out of the immediate surroundings in which they live. And they have gone so far past the relating of their environment to their life that they no longer quite understand the environment. They look at it through the eyes of tradition.

Certainly in the earlier days men made chairs to sit on and tables to put things on and chests to put things in, and rugs were put on the floor for warmth and curtains were hung to adjust the light, and no more of these things were put in a house than a man and his family needed. A useless article of furniture would have branded the maker as a madman, for everything that a man put his time and material into had to count as a permanent asset. Just so in those days women wove what was essential for strong, durable clothes. Nothing superfluous went through the looms, nothing that was merely pretty and flimsy. There was always purpose in the labor of men and women working for themselves, and no man thought of making what he did not need, for in so doing he would have lost time and labor and the respect of his neighbors. In this remote "uncivilized" time women did not make their gowns to suit the taste and environment of other women of other nations. They knew little of the ways of far-off lands, and scorned heartily what they knew. And the clothes which they wove were fashioned for their own convenience in stout ways, simply and oftentimes beautifully.

BUT so far away are these people from our thought today that we have forgotten their good sense and their practical wisdom, and we build our houses and furnish them and dress ourselves from a purely decorative point of view, without purpose and usually without actual beauty. Most of us work very hard for the useless

SPECIAL FURNITURE FOR INDIVIDUAL HOMES

things we put in our houses. We know that we have no use for them, that they will not last us long and that we shall soon want others in their place; but for the time being we break our hearts for their possession. We know how temporary fashion is and yet we struggle for its possession as though it had beauty that would satisfy us for a lifetime. We set no limit on our purchase of these useless things except the space in our house and the size of our purse. We want more furniture than our neighbors have, and we want it newer; then we are at peace until the style changes, and our next flimsy purchase is from no more virile motive than the last, and has no more serious qualities to tide it over the ignominy of its old age. It is like a pretty, characterless woman who during her life has failed to gather friends or memories for her quiet, plain years.

Of course, the time has gone by when most of us can fashion furniture for ourselves or weave cloths for our own comfort and satisfaction. Only occasionally can the really fortunate person accomplish this. But practically all of us, all at least who can afford to buy any amount of furniture, can really decide that our homes shall only be furnished with such articles as possess permanent qualities of beauty and comfort. And many of us can go further and have furniture actually made to suit our houses, of materials that will last a lifetime, of design and in proportion suited to the space it is to occupy.

Many of us can build our own home to live in a lifetime and furnish it for the same length of time. To do this it is necessary to consider our furniture as a work of art, each piece—and not too many of them—perfect for the use for which it is designed. Every man and woman can make a study of good furniture, not to imitate it, but to understand why and how it is made. We can all have our furniture made to meet our own ideal of comfort and suited to our house and our lives. It is in this way that all good furniture in the past has been made, not for style or barter, but to prove how fine a thing can be produced for the use to which it is to be put.

The most beautiful furniture of old times, of Spain, of France, of Italy, of Greece and Bavaria, was all made for special people or occasions; a great man demanded a fitting chair; beautiful women, couches exquisite enough for beauty's resting place, a town hall had to be fitted for a great ceremony, or a palace for a new king. There was always a purpose to be upheld, a harmony to be observed, a use to be considered. And so these old pieces of furniture were fashioned with interest, understanding, definiteness, and thus have grown to set standards in furniture-making, to establish styles of beauty.

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And if we were to follow the *reason* for the construction of these beautiful styles of furniture, we should still be making excellent pieces for our own comfort. But instead we slavishly follow the *effect* gained by these great cabinetmakers. We imitate the fabrics they used, the color, the ornament, forgetting their philosophy, and in the end gaining nothing but pieces of furniture unsuited in all ways to our lives and our times.

IT IS only within the past few years that the idea of having furniture made to suit the individual house has again gained ground, somewhat in England and over a very small area in America, practically not at all in France; while in Germany the mausoleum type of furniture born of Secession inspiration seems adapted to and intended only for exhibition purposes.

In the July CRAFTSMAN we showed a very lovely modern English house designed by Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, which was furnished entirely with pieces made from original designs especially planned for that particular house. Most of the furniture and many of the fittings were planned by the owner, others by Mr. Parker. But nothing whatever was bought ready-made. And a house more beautifully, completely and interestingly furnished it would be hard to find. Often Mr. Parker's houses are fitted up in this way. We understand that he planned all the furniture for his own house. It is his belief, after many years of house-building, that no home can be really completely and beautifully furnished without the fittings and furniture designed especially for the actual interiors which they are to fill. And so wherever it is practicable he not only plans the chairs and tables, beds and buffets, but all the built-in fittings such as bookcases, window-seats, screens, shelves, etc.

Another English architect who has given much attention to the making of furniture and fittings for the houses which he designs is Mr. C. F. A. Voysey. He differs from Mr. Parker in that the latter seeks in all the furniture and interiors which he plans to express the ideas and tastes of the owners, while Mr. Voysey is more apt to express his own highly cultured and original ideas, both as artist and artisan. He has in fact established a style of his own in England which has developed through his rare taste, skill, originality and wisdom. Although Mr. Voysey's style is essentially personal, recognizably so, it is also preëminently modern in spirit, so that his furnishings achieve complete harmony in the new English country houses for which they are designed. Being first of all an architect, Mr. Voysey is naturally a designer of *practical* furniture, suited to the very excellent and charming houses which he constructs. He



C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

THE PASTURE HOUSE IN NORTH LUFFENHAM:
A TYPE OF MODERN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME.



C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PASTURE
HOUSE IN NORTH LUFFENHAM.
"WHITE HORSE" TAVERN, STETCH-
WORTH, ENGLAND.



C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

TWO ROOMS IN A VOYSEY COUNTRY HOUSE,
"HOLLY MOUNT," IN BEACONSFIELD, ENGLAND:
FITTED AND FURNISHED BY THE ARCHITECT.



DINING ROOM IN "LITTLEHOLME," KENDAL, ENGLAND:
HOUSE AND FURNITURE DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY.
FIREPLACE RECESS IN LIVING ROOM AT "LITTLE-
HOLME": INTERESTING WOODWORK.



DINING ROOM AND BILLIARD ROOM IN A VOYSEY HOUSE: "HOME-STEAD," AT FRINTON-ON-SEA, ENGLAND: INTERIOR FITTINGS AND FURNITURE THE WORK OF THE ARCHITECT.



A FIREPLACE CORNER IN ONE OF THE
ROOMS IN "HOMESTEAD."

AN OFFICE FURNISHED BY VOYSEY,
AT ONCE ARTISTIC AND PRACTICAL.

SPECIAL FURNITURE FOR INDIVIDUAL HOMES

realizes that the supply of real antique furniture is bound eventually to run low, and that the day will come when people of taste will refuse to use furniture made in imitation of periods which are in no way related to modern conditions, and that for modern people and modern houses, modern furniture of character, integrity and beauty is inevitable, as inevitable as the fact that our clothes are modern, our speech equally so, and our whole life in fact on a new and different plane. The present generation both here and in England is on a more substantial basis, and simpler, too, than France and Mediaeval Italy. We are less ornate than Spain in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We are neither especially spiritual nor ascetic. On the other hand, we are home-loving, comfort-loving people. We average rather a high level of intelligence and taste, and the mass of us in both of these nations at least pretend to live in houses that have both charm and beauty. We demand a better kind of surroundings than the people did even a generation ago. And this point of view will improve from generation to generation so that more and more we shall demand houses of permanent beauty, of real durability, requiring little care, leaving us much leisure for our wide range of interests.

IT IS in line with real progress that such men as Voysey and Parker should arrange the gracious, cheerful interiors in their present-day houses, with every sanitary ideal realized, and with simplicity equal to the luxury. In Mr. Parker's furniture one is occasionally reminded in line and finish of the Art Nouveau development in France. But it is a subdued Art Nouveau, shorn of pretense and whimsicality; an Art Nouveau humbled and purified. On the other hand, Mr. Voysey's furniture suggests more his inherited appreciation of the good qualities of the old Jacobean furniture. Yet his ways are not entirely those of the early days. He presents furniture that is much more practical, less ornate, less extravagant, more adjusted to the simpler ways of his present-day home-building. His ideals are for rich and substantial interiors, but closely related to the modern idea of the people for whom he builds and designs. He plans his furniture for sitting rooms instead of great halls, for libraries where the young folks gather instead of a vast dais for haughty royalty, and the result is intimate rather than pompous.

Somehow you feel sure that Voysey plans his houses that all the people living in them may be comfortable, for we are more and more outgrowing all over the world the sacred tradition that some people must cheerfully suffer for the elaborate comfort of others. We are striving to overcome the idea that *any* should suffer, and in

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its place to suggest that *all* should help in order that all should enjoy life. In other words, our modern domestic architecture, even in England, is becoming more democratic, and our furniture is being made to uphold the same ideal. We are considering the greatest comfort of the greatest number, and the mass of people who are neither rich nor poor but intelligent are asking for homes and furnishings suited to their kind of lives. Mr. Voysey's contribution to this phase of international development has been great, although so far as we know it may have been quite unconscious, merely the outgrowth of his own intimate relation to progress, his understanding of beauty and his wise expression of it.

THE SEARCH

I SOUGHT for Truth upon the storm tossed sea,
But waves like tritons hid the depths from me.

I sought for it in violets well of blue,
But breezes shook the naiad pool of dew.

I sought for it beneath the flaming briar,
But roses on my head heaped coals of fire.

Then ceasing aye to search with anxious eyes,
I saw the Light that rules the earth and skies;

And heard all nature say with voice of youth:
"Behold the Beautiful itself is Truth!"

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"NEXT YEAR": A STORY: BY HARRIET JOOR

"IX months!"



As the words fell with gentle precision from the physician's lips, Katherine Merrick repeated them dully, wondering why the green and brown office carpet should suddenly roll upward to meet her like an incoming wave, and why the cry of the ragman in the street below should beat on her brain with such sharp insistence. Must not his throat ache with weariness, she wondered dreamily? But it was of herself,—Katherine Merrick—they had been speaking! Steadying herself against the swivel chair, she gently put aside the glass of water the doctor held to her lips and raised her eyes to the keen, pitiful glance bent upon her.

"I had not thought it was so near," she said simply, "but I thank you for your frankness, Doctor."

She smiled faintly from old unconscious habit, as she held out her hand with the informal gesture of her far-away girlhood, the cold formality of the later years falling from her like the outworn sheath of a flower.

Yet as they walked down the long, dimly-lighted corridor to the elevator shaft, the physician at her side seemed to Katherine but some vague dream shape, and she herself but a figure in a dream.

As she left the building and threaded her way with painful slowness along the crowded street, the sunlit thoroughfare printed its scenes vividly upon her brain as upon a sensitive plate, yet her spirit still held aloof in a strange torpor that she could not break.

The child of the Italian fruiterer who had grown to look for her coming smiled up at her with golden lights in his sultry eyes, and she touched his brown cheek caressingly, pausing to slip into the outstretched hand the knot of violets that her daughter Dorothy had pinned in her belt.

For a moment the impulsive act recalled the happy freedom of her girlhood, ere her husband's horror of unconvencion had frozen all the springs of bounteous spontaneity; but even the fleeting vision of that eager-eyed girl who had been herself could not break the apathy that held her.

In the future, she told herself curiously, as though it were a stranger of whom she thought, this beautiful child would smile on other "pretty ladies," giving no thought to the one who had slipped from out his train of worshipers; the old-clothes man would chant his rhythmic cry to other ears; the tall stone jars of roses and carnations in the florist's window would gladden other tired eyes; and the crowd would still hasten in a ceaseless stream down the years,

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after this one small woman, who had so loved it all and had so thrilled at the human warmth and nearness, should have slipped from their midst forever.

And all the while, over and over, absurdly iterated like the ragman's distant cry, throbbed the thought that in the spring the children's clothes must be lengthened;—in the spring,—and she would not be there to do it!

As she neared home, two of her little lads who had watched at a window for her coming were down the stairs and upon her, in joyous assault, ere her foot could touch the step; and as she bent to kiss the small flushed faces, Katherine softened the attack with the pitiful, instinctive, out-reaching gesture that weakness so quickly teaches.

"I drew a chicken in kindergarten, today," Wilfred chanted exultantly.

"And we saw a steamer-boat on the river," shouted Josie, beating his mother's hand to and fro, "and it made a big noise, Muvver, and most got drowned! Can't we go back and see it again?"

Katherine nodded, smiling assent, but as the boys ran shouting from her, the smile vanished from her quivering lips. The touch of her children's hands had broken the torpor that held her, and it was a weak, trembling woman who climbed the stairs to the sanctuary of her chamber. As she softly closed the door and crept across to the bed, she remembered that it was just three months since she had first known her doom;—only then,—she had not thought—death was so near!

Vividly, today, she recalled the lonely agony of those first weeks when her hair had turned gray in the bitterness of rebellion. And there had been no soul to whom she could confide the horror of great darkness in which she groped. All too soon would the shadow fall upon her children's lives, and to her husband Katherine never spoke of aught that lay near her heart. Even after the years had blunted her sensitiveness, his non-comprehension hurt too cruelly.

Today, with the touch of her children's hands warm upon her, she marveled at the selfishness of her early grief. Vividly she recalled an evening in the early summer when, lying alone in the library, she had listened to the happy voices in the supper room beyond, thinking in bitterness, that the lives she loved would flow on thus cheerfully when her own had ended; and in the darkness, tears of poignant self-pity had rolled down her cold cheeks. A moment later, Mammy Thalia had brought her hot tea and toast and turned on the light, and Dorothy had come with girlish gossip to nestle beside her mother's couch. Even her husband, as he passed through

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the dimly-lighted room, had paused a moment awkwardly beside her, but she had not caught his words; some punctilious regret, doubtless, at her absence from the tea table;—and she was sick to the heart of platitudes.

In those first bitter days, the very happiness on her children's unconscious faces had hurt her, and she had even spoken sharply to her husband, though their lives lay too far apart for easy provocation. And once, she who felt it a stain upon her gentle womanhood to deal aught but kindly with dependants, had spoken harshly to old Mammy. In a moment she had turned in swift repentance and flung her arms about the faithful servant's neck, sobbing brokenly: "Mammy, Mammy, you must forgive! I am not myself these days!" And the old woman, with tears wetting her brown face, had folded her arms tightly about her mistress and soothed her weeping with soft word and touch.

"Mammy knows, Miss Katherine, honey;" she had crooned to the shivering figure on her breast; "Mammy knows you have been ailin' this long time!"

It was on this day, Katherine remembered, that she had called herself sharply to account. If she had but a few months to live, must she make those months unbeautiful? And must she leave in her children's minds the memory of a fretful, exacting mother? For a few painful weeks could blot from their young memories all the long years of patient tenderness. If only for her own peace, indeed, she must bring order into the chaos of her thoughts, and be sovereign of herself for what time remained to her.

As she lay now, wearily reviewing those long months of rebellion, Katherine's reverie was broken by a girl's light step at the door, and the mother drew a quick tremulous breath, striving with shaking fingers to smoothe her tumbled hair. It was Dorothy, upon whose slender shoulders the heaviest burden would fall;—her fair woman-child, whose girlhood she had so hoped to shield from care!

"Why, mother,—mother darling!" The girl was across the room and had flung her arms impetuously about the slender figure.

"When did you reach home, mother? Mammy was sure you were still out. And did the doctor give you something for this horrid tiredness?"

"Yes, he gave me a tonic," Katherine answered quietly, turning her face farther from the light;—she feared her daughter's love-keen eyes.

"You are all worn out by the journey," the girl cried pitifully, laying her round cheek caressingly against the tumbled hair. "You should have let me go with you."

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Katherine smiled into the reproachful face. "That was not needful, dearie; but now, until she gets stronger, mother is going to call oftener on your young aid." For only so, a voice whispered in her heart, could she prepare these young shoulders for the coming burden.

In the days that followed, Dorothy wondered to see the faded photographs of her grandmother and of a young uncle replace upon her mother's desk the faces of later friends, and certain quaint keepsakes, that had been folded away through the years, reappear upon shelves and wall; yet knew not that her mother's hungry heart was turning wistfully back to warm itself at the fires of old affection.

But Dorothy was too busy and too happy in the new dignity of sharing all her mother's tasks and plans to wonder long over anything.

One afternoon as they mended and put away an armful of crisp linens, Katherine called the child's attention to the immaculate neatness of her father's room.

"He is so orderly by nature that it troubles him if his things are not always just so," she added with seeming carelessness; "the collars in their box, the handkerchiefs in this little chiffonier drawer, the shirts in a shining pile, and every button sewed tightly in its place. Remember this, sweetheart, if father's comfort should ever fall to your care!"

As they closed the door and turned to descend the stairs, the girl paused in sudden remembrance. "By the way, mother, father asked me this morning if you were not ill; he thought you looked white and worn."

Katherine glanced quickly away over the balustrade into the entry below;—the child must not see the look in her eyes! No, Horace would never fail in perfunctory solicitude. "What did you say?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, I told him you were just tired; but that you had seen the doctor, and he had given you a tonic."

As the blithe, unconscious tones fell on her ear, the hardness melted from the woman's lips, and a sudden mist of tears blinded her; but Dorothy, hastening on, only wondered why her mother crept so slowly down the stair.

One sullen November morning, as she bent wearily over the mending, the words of an old forgotten text, as from some dim gray distance, drifted across Katherine's mind: "The place that has known them shall know them no more."

Curiously, with a strange sense of detachment, trying to see it as a stranger might, she looked about the chamber that had been

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through long years the shrine of her most sacred and intimate hours, and for the first time her tender eyes grew aware of the touch of shabbiness over all;—the furniture scratched and bruised by restless, clambering feet; the brass knobs twisted and tarnished by small, nervous fingers; the threadbare floor covering, whose browns and blues had faded to a ghostly harmony. Upon the walls hung crude bits of kindergarten handiwork, and beside the hearth stood a green jar yet laden with the spoils of the last autumnal ramble.

The velvety brown heads of yarrow and scarlet wildrose hips and silvery sheaths of milkweed pods brought vividly back to her the crisp rustling of brown, wind-blown leaves and the fragrance of dying fern. It was really very untidy,—that jar,—and a whimsical smile crept for a moment about Katherine's lips as she pictured a tidy housewife's horror of those dust-gathering weeds; but the smile quickly faded before the realization that, for her, life held no more wood rambles, with the music of her children's voices in her ear, and the eager clutching of their fingers at her hands and gown.

"I must tell Dorothy to be very patient with the little ones," she whispered to herself with quivering lips; "little nervous Docia, who needs such tactful care, and Wilfred, so loving for all his stubbornness, and impulsive Josie;—Robert, too, needs tactful love,—sixteen is a hard age for a lad."

Yet day followed day, and Katherine could not find the courage to bring the shadow of the coming sorrow into Dorothy's happy face. "Yet a little longer," she pleaded with herself; "it does not matter; I can write about the children's needs." For with loving prescience, she had fallen into the habit of jotting down and folding away in her desk hurried notes for Dorothy's guidance in the months to come.

One after another she was forced to relinquish the duties that had grown sweet with the habit of the years. To Dorothy, by degrees, fell the family marketing, while to Robert, who had eagerly shared all her work with the growing things, his mother entrusted the box of seeds and penciled plans for the garden in the spring, and to Dorothy, at last, fell the care of the children at bed-time. The bitterest draught in all Katherine's cup of suffering was the giving up of this bed-time hour with her little ones; but the fret and strain of the restless brood was more than she could bear, until one evening she fainted in their midst.

On the next night, Dorothy took her mother's place in the nursery, and when, from across the hall, there came to Katherine's ears Wilfred's indignant protest and Docia's passionate echo, sobs rose choking in the mother's throat.

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"I won't say my pwayers to Dodo; no, I won't! I want muvver!"

"Yes, I wants muvver, muvver, muvver!"

The shrill childish uproar drowned the girl's pleading tones, and in pitiful gusts the voices rose and fell, till the woman, lying weakly across her bed, drew the blankets close about her ears, to shut out the loving, loyal voices. She knew now what it meant to die by inches.

Long after the children's grief had been hushed in sleep,—long after Dorothy had come with her good-night kiss,—Katherine lay with her face hidden in the pillow; and the blackness of the winter night was as nothing to the horror of great darkness that pressed upon her soul. That door upon whose threshold she stood,—whither would it lead her? Who knew? Who knew? Away from her babies' clinging hands, away from their loving voices,—whither?

At last, after her lifelong habit in hours of pain, she made a light and knelt before her bookshelves. Her spirit had ever been too virile to seek an anodyne in literature; and on this night also she sought, not that which could deaden thought, but that which could respond to her groping mood. Down upon the lowest shelf, with a few worn school books treasured for old-times' sake, her mother's à Kempis and her father's Bible stood side by side; but it was years since Katherine had opened either.

The emotional religion of her youth had not had time to ripen into the steady faith of maturity, ere, in the first months of marriage, it had been frozen in her young breast, together with all the budding faiths and enthusiasms of her rich undisciplined nature.

And when her bruised spirit, with the unquenchable instinct of all living things however maimed, slowly rallied its forces and reared again its fair world, there at her husband's side, but safe hid from his sight, Katherine had shunned religion as that which would stir her too deeply,—come too close, and shiver her hard-won calm. Through books, the world of the Beautiful slowly opened to her questing spirit, and the stern, strong thinkers of all time gave nourishment to her hungry soul; but religion, that had sweetly thrilled her of old, the tired, grave-eyed woman feared.

Tonight, hungering for the old home loves, she turned the Bible's shabby leaves to look once again on her father's penciled notes. The volume fell open of itself at the book of Job, which her father had loved, and she read on instinctively and unconsciously from page to page,—the poem taking her utterly out of herself and swaying her like organ music. For this man, too, she thought in sobbing wonder, had sounded the depths where she was groping, in darkness

"NEXT YEAR"

and alone, and across the centuries her shivering soul drew near to his.

When she had finished the poem, as the book yet lay open on her knee, Katherine remembered that her father had also dearly loved the fourteenth chapter of John; and with the tears yet wet upon her cheek, she sought for it with trembling fingers. Not far could she read, for the raining of tears upon her father's dimly penciled lines; but upon the storm-tossed spirit there fell a sudden calm,—the music of the opening words, like the still grave sweetness of a sonata prelude, setting her soul to its own deep rhythm and hushing its passion of pain.

All during the sleepless hours of that night its melody pulsed through her fevered brain, and shed a strange calm upon the dawn.

On this day, it seemed to Katherine, that Mammy Thalia hovered about her with more watchful love, and that the children's hands were more tenderly caressing. She had even a strange consciousness, as she moved slowly about her tasks that her husband's eyes were following her;—not with the old unseeing, preoccupied glance, as though she were but a part of the furniture, but with a strange, groping intentness.

Would he really miss her? She had known that he would miss the habit of her presence, as eyes grown used to a picture on the wall feel a vague want in its absence;—but had he, under the silence of the years, some more vital need of her?

On the evening of this day, in softened, wistful mood, yearning to straighten life's tangled threads ere the weaving should have slipped from her hands, Katherine wrote a letter to a sister from whom she had been estranged, breathing no word of that new life on whose threshold she stood, but recalling tender, mutual memories of their childhood. Still in softened mood, she drew from her desk certain old papers whose destruction she had delayed from year to year, and as she tenderly read again the messages from home folk and from friends of her youth, she dropped the sheets one after the other into the glowing grate.

Last of all, she came upon the little packet of love-letters that had once made her girl's heart beat fast, and with a curious sense of detachment she read again the brief notes over which she had once trembled. No, Horace had not been demonstrative, even then; her eager spirit alone had read the warmth into the quiet sentences. Well, his impulsive young wife had quickly grown into the still, reticent type of his ideal, and he had seemed well content when she ceased to run to meet him, or lift her face for his perfunctory kiss. But he had meant to be kind;—so the woman realized now, looking

"NEXT YEAR"

with wide, honest eyes into the coals where his notes lay crisping; and if under his cold formal kindness some live thing had died in her young breast, he had never known it. Beneath her baby's fumbling touch, her numbed heart had waked again; but even yet, with quivering lips, she could recall how fearfully she had hidden from him her joy in this new love.

Now, looking backward with clear, dispassionate eyes, Katherine wondered if she could not have made a lovelier thing of her marriage; if, perhaps, her sensitiveness had closed some possible door of communication between their two souls. She yearned to make all right with her sister;—was it possible to straighten the tangled skein of this more vital relation? But her heart sank as she looked into the fading fire;—he would never understand.

As the year drew toward its close, her heart grew heavy with homesickness for one more glimpse of blue sky and green growing things. The cold gray heavens of the northern world seemed to crush her with a leaden weight, while the long line of roofs and lintels arched with sooty snow, and the straight gray street, with its fringe of muddy rime, trodden out of all purity by a myriad hurrying feet, palled upon her sick soul, as she thought of the palmettos spreading their great green fans, and the live oaks stretching their long arms, above the crisp green lawns of her old home. About the gallery the Marie Henriette roses, in fragrant aftermath of bloom, were often a riot of crimson at Christmas-tide; the violets must now be blue in the garden borders, the narcissus lifting waxen umbels, and the sweet olive casting its fragrance upon the winter world. Oh, the haunting perfume of the olive! If only one breath of it might blow to her across the cold gray distance, Katherine felt the aching homesickness in her heart might be stilled! To appease this gnawing nostalgia and to make her last Christmas among them a beautiful memory to her children, she wrote a letter to the sister who yet lived in the old home.

Only Dorothy knew of the letter winging its way southward; and only Dorothy helped unpack the mysterious box that came in return; but when, on Christmas eve, the parlors were thrown open to all, the rooms were like a southern bower;—the walls festooned with gray Spanish moss, and garlands of holly and mistletoe; the chandeliers veiled in smilax and aglow with tiny yellow mandarin oranges, while in the archway hung Katherine's treasured portières of blue and cream-white Arcadian cloth woven beside the bayous of Louisiana. To her the room was like a breath from her vanished girlhood.

Her husband, as he entered, touched the beautiful curtain won-

“NEXT YEAR”

deringly. “Why, Katherine, I thought you were saving this until we could buy a home of our own!”

“I thought we might enjoy it now, without waiting,” the wife answered quietly; but in a moment the pulse in her throat beat fast and she steadied herself against a chair back. Her husband had glanced up at the swaying moss and mistletoe, and a strange light,—the old light,—had come into his eyes.

“Katherine!” He laid his hand hurriedly, awkwardly, above the cold, still fingers on the chair; “your rooms were hung like this the Christmas before we were married!”

Did he care? Did he, in spite of the silent years? Or had he but stumbled by chance over the grave of their old romance?

Whether he cared or no, the fierce beating of that pulse in her throat showed the woman that she still cared,—that the dead thing in her breast had stirred treacherously. Not trusting herself to speak, she half turned away with a still, cold gesture; for the tears were choking her, and he disliked a weeping woman.

But even as she turned from the groping question in his eyes, suddenly, as in a blinding flash of light, the deep mother-heart of the woman realized that her husband, too, was but as one of her little ones;—wounding with awkward, blundering touch, and cruel, as children are, through lack of insight, not wanton heartlessness!

And when her children had hurt her she had always quietly hidden the hurt and crushed back the tears because—they could not understand!

Resolutely steadying voice and lips she turned to meet the question in her husband's eyes.

“I was a little homesick,” she explained, wondering dimly why the tension at her heart that had ached through the years was suddenly loosed; “and I thought, as I could not go South, I would try to bring a breath of the South to us here in the North.”

“Homesick!” her husband repeated in surprise. “Why, Katherine, I did not know you were ever homesick! But next year, if you still long for the South, you must revisit the old home. Yes, next year, we can afford the trip!”

He spoke with the firm, quiet surety of fulfilment that was so characteristic of all his plans, and the woman only faintly smiled as she dreamily echoed his words: “Next year.”

But as her glance slipped from her husband's face to the happy, unconscious faces of her children, Katherine's steady lips quivered, and the grave gentleness in the dark eyes deepened to passionate yearning.

“Next year!”

JOAQUIN MILLER: HIS LIFE AND HIS ART: BY HENRY MEADE BLAND



IT IS high noon. A tall, straight, blue-eyed, long-white-haired man in cattle-man's hat, with high leather boots, stands on the porch of a little chapel-shaped lodge. There are wild oats, poppies, roses, acacia, cypress around him in a garden which has been his special care for more than twenty years.

A linnet is building in the leaves above his head. An apple spray swings down almost touching his face. A red nasturtium climbs the wall behind him. A grosbeak is whistling in the forest on the hill back of the lodge. There is a soft Pacific breeze blowing. With the silence of an Indian he stands fascinated by the panorama upon which he looks from his kingly height—a panorama of the City of San Francisco, its Bay and the Golden Gate. He drops to a seat on the rock steps and still gazes, dream-submerged. A schoolmaster is coming up by the stone wall along the trail to the Chapel. The musing of the tall, white-haired man is broken and he greets his guest: "Well, well! How goes the battle, my Son?"

The man of dreams is Joaquin Miller. Since daybreak he has been lying in bed braced with pillows, covered with his Arctic robes, with primitive goose-quill pen putting in the best part of the day writing. And now his work on the hills—nurturing trees—is about to begin.

This quiet, contemplative life has not always been the daily routine of Joaquin Miller. The curios, the pictures, the animal skins, the knives and pistols in the little room behind him tell of another day when the sun of adventure was full upon him. It is the autumn of the second cycle of his life now. The first began in an emigrant wagon "on the Wabash, Indiana, seventy years ago," so he says. From the first, he seemed predestined for every sort of experience so that he might record every phase of emotion. In the emigrant wagon began the training of this poet, writer and philosopher. After clearing a farm in the wilderness of the Wabash, for four years the Miller family held their way behind an ox team, stopping, now here now there, to give Father Hulings Miller time to ply his work as teacher and missionary among the Indians, till at last in Oregon they came to the verge of the sun-down seas and could go no further. What an experience for the boy with the brain so sensitive that it imaged every detail of the long journey!

When thirteen years old there was no dream too wild for the boy to attempt to realize. There was gold for the picking up, so he



JOAQUIN MILLER, THE POET OF THE SIERRAS; FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.



A MONUMENT TO ROBERT BROWNING, ERECTED BY JOAQUIN MILLER ON THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE "HEIGHTS."



MONUMENT TO JOHN C. FREMONT, WHO NAMED THE SHINING STRAIT EXTENDING FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY TO THE PACIFIC, "GOLDEN GATE." FREMONT IS ONE OF JOAQUIN MILLER'S HEROES.

THE HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER ON THE HILLS EAST OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY: FORMERLY A CHAPEL: THE MECCA OF PACIFIC SLOPE TRAVELERS.



THE PYRAMID BELOW WAS ERECTED IN HONOR OF MOSES, WHOM JOAQUIN MILLER VENERATES ABOVE ALL MEN.



THE POET OF THE SIERRAS

heard, at the foot of Mount Shasta. He must get some for father and mother; it was his time to help now.

So he is off to the mines. To him the new country is the realization of a dream-world. He is entranced by the snowy eternal whiteness of Shasta. The wild life of the bronco buster on the caravansary trail from Mexico and Arizona to the Shastan Gold Gulches captivates him. Now a real battle with the Indians finds him pierced with an arrow, falling even as one of his own heroes falls, at the side of old Gibs as the Modocs are driven from Castle Crags. At the age of fourteen it is with the Indian himself he lives, and in the deep silences of the Sierra he attunes himself to Indian lore and instinct, becoming as one of the red denizens of the forest. There he loves and marries an Indian princess, living in keenest sympathy with the romantic life of the nomad. In a skirmish with the whites—for the Modocs fought relentlessly for their hunting grounds—Death takes from him the Indian maiden, thus bringing about his return to his own people.

HE BECOMES a teacher in the mining camps, a student of law at home in Oregon; a wandering traveler in Central and South America, a mounted express messenger carrying mails and packages to the snow-beleaguered miners of Shasta. Later one finds him an editor, judge of the Superior Court in Oregon, and then at last, having all this time singing in his heart the unbodied song,—for he had already thought and studied carefully enough to know that he could speak in numbers,—with his first volume under his arm, he lands in San Francisco, his career as a poet begun. With the rainbow of glory ever before his eye he is off for London, where he finds many friends and admirers.

This age of adventure is not yet over. He treks on, with the wide world as his highway,—Paris, Rome, Florence, Athens, Egypt and the pyramids, Jerusalem, and the journey seems about to end, for there is a strange sigh for rest entering his soul. He has drunk to the lees the draught of experience, and yearns for a quiet nook in which to stay in peace.

The city of Florence is chosen and the building of the material kingdom is begun. Heretofore his life has been the hurry of the camp and the trail; now it is to be rest and contemplation under the vine and olive. But not yet! The little tract of land near the Dantean City is malarial. Juno, as she was wont with Latona, is still angry with his muse and will allow no rest. Malarial airs have him in their grasp, and again he moves on. This time it is for the home land, and for a while he abides by the marvel of sun-down

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seas. Then we find him tree-planting on the isle of Yerba Buena (Goat Island) in San Francisco Bay; for he believes his countrymen should learn to plant forests, and he, a humble teacher, would give them a first lesson, would lead them in celebrating a first great arbor day. His trees are planted, and flourish for a brief spring month; but there is no water to tide them over the long dry summer, and autumn finds the saplings crisp and dry.

Finally the delectable mountains are found in the low, round, rich, flowery hills east of the Bay. The very spot is romantic; for John C. Fremont, even before the days of gold, has stood on its eminence and named the shining strait from the Bay to the Pacific Golden Gate. Here in the multitudinous varying glory he begins to build. He is at home at last.

Since eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, Joaquin Miller has lived on "The Heights." The place has been peculiarly adapted to his nature. He desired most of all its loneliness for contemplation. He needed to go apart to "pray;" he desired to dream a social dream such as might transcend the Utopia of More or the Republic of Plato, and so he began the building of the City Beautiful, the City which is at once the City of his mind and the City of his leafy, flowery hills.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S first aim was to make his home one of memories. As he worked he seemed ever to revolve in his mind, "Come, let us joy together, let us create a realm of beautiful associations." The hills about his home were round and grassy, with here and there a projecting ledge. Selecting the roundest, grassiest, he planted cypress in form of a gigantic cross facing the broad stretches of the bay and hills of San Francisco. The cypress grew and those who look for the cross can see, from the cities below, this evergreen emblem of steadfastness. He built with his own hands, for he believes in work. "The best way," he says, "to learn about the beauty and glory and magnificence of nature is to work with hands as well as with head. Help a rose, even a blade of grass, to grow more beautiful and you will be a partner with God."

The rocks of his hills he hewed and shaped into memorials of his heroes and friends. Being a steadfast admirer of the old Jewish Law he remembered the Hebrew law-maker Moses with a solid pyramid of granite; Fremont, who had once, too, gazed entranced from the heights, he honored with a solid block of masonry; while his poet-friend, Robert Browning, is recalled by the citadel erected on the highest point of the homestead. Year after year the tree planting has progressed till the smooth green hills have been hidden

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deep beneath a forest of cypress, pine, eucalyptus and acacia. Carefully are the younglings watered in summer, and carefully are they guarded from the hill-fires in autumn.

Twice, during the years he has lived on "The Heights," the poet's old love for adventure has mastered him. The Chinese War with Japan drew him across the Pacific; the rush for gold to the Klondike woke the fever of old Shasta mining days, and he was off to Alaska; but the stay in either case was short and he was soon again in the peace of the hills.

When we turn to the art Joaquin Miller practices we find two qualities contrasting as singularly as his wild adventurous life of the early period contrasts with the serene, contemplative, mystic element of his second life period. In his style these elements continually recur; the robust spirit of Western adventure with the mysticism that would see beyond the stars.

In his early poems "The Arizonian," "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde," and "With Walker in Nicaragua," there is a reflection of his own wild romantic life in the Sierras. Even the rhythm of the stanzas is peculiar to him, having the swing suited to the ruggedness of the theme. Thus, in "The Arizonian:"

"One time in the night as the black wind shifted,
And a flash of lightning stretched over the stream,
I seemed to see her with brown hands lifted—
Only seemed to see as one sees in a dream."

Or in "The Tale:"

"The feast was full, and the guests afire,
The shaven priest, and the portly squire,
The solemn judge, and the smiling dandy,
The duke, and the don, and the commandante."

Every story is passionate, full of color, joy in nature; daring, tragic, with an atmosphere of the land he wrote in. It was the passion that made him seem to the English like Byron; but it was not this Byronic characteristic which made the English love Miller. In his verse they heard the sighing of western breezes, and saw the colors of flower and hill and smelled the balsam of pine and redwood, and so they lifted up their faces and looked and loved.

TO UNDERSTAND the fiber of Joaquin Miller's art we must look to the adventure and romance of his life. One by one he has portrayed his experiences, varying the thought with every shade of poetic music. The ability to feel is a preëminent characteristic, for he has run the whole gamut of the passions. His life has been dominated by a desire for adequate expression. Even

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in dress he has stood apart. The tall boots, the sombrero, the furred and colored coats all tell the same story. His poems reflect the rhythm of his being. They all mirror himself. His prose, too, mirrors his life or is symbolic of what he would have himself be. "I have a Byronic love of being the hero of all I write," he says. His mountain home, "The Heights," symbolizes what he would have the world be in philosophy, in reverence, in simplicity, in healthful life. Here is his art, his poetry, his love combined.

In education Joaquin Miller is a combination of the self-made, with the best that the pioneer College of Oregon, Columbia, could give. He was thoroughly taught by his father and mother, who never, even in the long pilgrimage from East to West, neglected the education of their little girl and the three boys. His mind was busy in the intense life of the gold camps, and on the mule drives from the south to Shasta, Mountain Ike, a queer combination of college graduate and cowboy, taught him the rudiments of Latin. He put the rude songs of the miners into music long before a line was published, and he caught the miners' grim humor:

"Now Sampson he was a mighty man,
A mighty strong man was he;
But he lost his hair and he lost his eyes
And also his liber-tee!
For a woman she can do more with a man
Than a king and his whole arm-ee!"

So runs one of these rhymes written in the early years. Likewise he caught the miners' strange solemnity. Thus, in "Forty-Nine,"

"We are wreck and stray,
We are cast away,
Poor battered hulks and spars,
But we hope and pray,
On the judgment day,
We shall strike it up in the Stars."

BYRON and Burns were his poetic idols and it was the magnetism of their song that bred in him the desire to worship at their shrine. This was his motive in the early pilgrimage to England. As he passed on his way to London through San Francisco, he showed his work to the fastidious critic, Bret Harte, who saw no good in it; but the scathing review Bret Harte wrote of "Joaquin et al." was at his own request destroyed by Ina Coolbrith when she remonstrated at the harshness of the criticism, and Miss Coolbrith wrote a favorable critique which was published in the

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Overland. It was doubtless an imperfect technique that Bret Harte objected to. In England, Joaquin Miller was lucky enough to win the kindly support of Sir Charles Dilke, Editor of the *Athenæum*, who aided the poet in weeding error in form from his lines. No doubt this aid was of inestimable value, for today Joaquin Miller is a careful worker, and shapes and prunes his verse with great thought.

There are, as may be expected, strong differences between Joaquin Miller's later and earlier verse. The early poems were tragic stories; in the later verse, while the lyric strongly persists, a deep moral tone is found, witness, "For Those Who Fail," "The Bravest Battle," "Columbus," "Lines to Byron," "Lines to Tennyson," "The Fortunate Isles." It will be noted that his later verse is short. This is because the dramatic has ceased its appeal and in its place has come a reverence for the mystical, the philosophical, the beautiful. His instinct as a teacher has at last become dominant and he dedicates his muse to the expression of the moral lesson which he feels will uplift humanity.

It is also in this spirit that his greatest prose work, "The Building of the City Beautiful," has been written.

The story is semi-autobiographical and begins by telling how the hero met in Jerusalem, a wonderfully beautiful woman who, also a dreamer, but at the same time practical, was collaborating with Sir Moses Montefiore in his attempts to rehabilitate the Jewish race in a new Jerusalem.

Common interests and thoughts draw the two, and they plan together. The poet loves the woman but his affection is slightly returned at first. When the two separate, each to chisel an ideal vision, the poet is given to understand that his love is returned.

The hero now drifts to the Golden Gate and there on the Mist Hills begins the building. The work is slow. He plants and waters; but results are meager. His neighbors impose on him, considering him but an idler, and expecting, when his fancies shall have exhausted, to divide the spoils of his work among them. But the dreamer goes on, and like Tolstoi, uses the Sermon on the Mount as the foundation of his structure. This wonderful chain of wisdom and righteousness he interprets literally. When smitten on one cheek, he turns the other. He gives without resistance both coat and cloak to one who would forcibly take them.

IN THE midst of the building, his "New Arcadia" comes to him. Suffice to say it is a dream. In this city of vision all sects and parties have been fused; nature has been conquered; the desert made to blossom as the rose; there is music such as was never heard

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on sea or land; there is love far surpassing the loves of this earth; there is "peace that passeth all understanding."

In "The Building of the City Beautiful" we are reminded of the philosophic aspect of the poet's mind, and see clearly the serious purpose that marks his latter-day work. He has never lost the instinct to teach, which showed itself in early mining days. In fact, the miscellaneous foot-notes to the poems in the complete volume of eighteen hundred and ninety-seven are a treasury of wisdom for the aspiring writer.

His lyre has echoed with every form of thought: wit, humor, scorn, satire, symbol. Where shall we go for more biting sarcasm than in the following from "Adios"?

"Grew once a rose within my room
Of perfect hue, of perfect health;
Of such perfection and perfume
It filled my poor house with its wealth.
Then came the pessimist who knew
Not good or grace, but overthrew
My rose, and in the broken pot
Nosed fast for slugs within the rot.
He found, found with exulting pride
Deep in the loam, a worm, a slug;
The while my rose-tree died."

The world has not yet taken the full measure of Joaquin Miller, for human weakness has stood too much in the way to give Time clear vision. Yet it is not too much to prophesy that, as the years pass, he will be given a secure place among the poets of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries who may be called great.



THE RETURN

T*HIS is my home, mine own abiding place!
Mine be its loneliness! Mine is its grace!*
These pines my father set, he curved the road,
The cherokees he twined, and when the load
Of years o'ercame him, here at night would wait
His collies, whining by the broad-browed gate.

*The mocking birds are singing on the vines!
A hush of mystery is in the pines!*

The great white house is like a shrine to me;
Across the lovely valley to the sea
My mother looked, as though her patient eyes
Might somehow sight his sail against the skies. . . .

*Long have I loved the lure of unknown lands;
Long loved the wind that blows o'er alien sands!*

Yet now I find no night too far away
To hear his faithful dogs; no distant day
So rare and beautiful I do not see
Her eyes that seem to search for him and me.

*My home! Shall I alone forget thy gate
When birds return, and where his collies wait?*

WINIFRED WEBB.



CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSES: THE ENTIRE UPPER STORY ARRANGED FOR "OUT-DOOR" SLEEPING

PEOPLE of the country seeking larger life have poured into the cities until conditions there have become almost intolerable. The cramped quarters made necessary by many persons trying to live on the same square foot of ground, the nervous exertion imperative to whoever wishes to swim with the current (or perhaps a little in advance of it), the enervating result of the ceaseless noise of ever-restless traffic, have now combined to drive many people away from the city and into the country again.

A whiff of sweet air, the sight of a bunch of wild flowers in some street vendor's hand awakens us to a new desire, makes us realize that we have shackles on our feet and have virtually forgotten nature's kindly ways, that we are working and existing but not living. We desire to get out of this benumbed condition, we feel the need of the wilderness and crave the tonic of a rough life. Not that we may become drones or cease the struggle, but that we may be better able to work, that our struggles may be to some purpose, our lives happier.

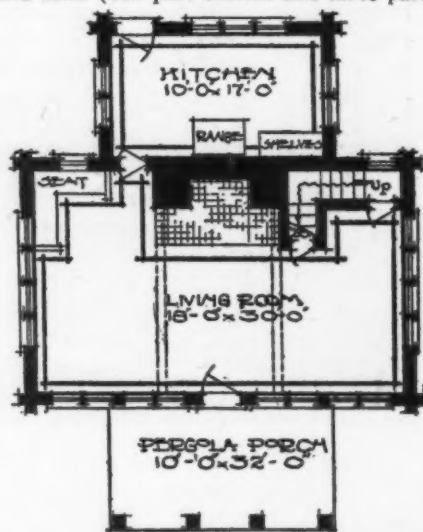
The growing desire for country homes, the tendency toward an outdoor summer life is everywhere apparent. Prophets have declared that cities will soon be centers for business only and that everyone will have his home in the country.

It is not possible for all people to have as commodious a summer home as is desired, but it is quite possible for many people to get a bit of land and put up an inexpensive house that will be comfortable, tasteful and satisfactory.

We have planned, therefore, for this month two houses that are to be used as summer camps; houses that can be built in

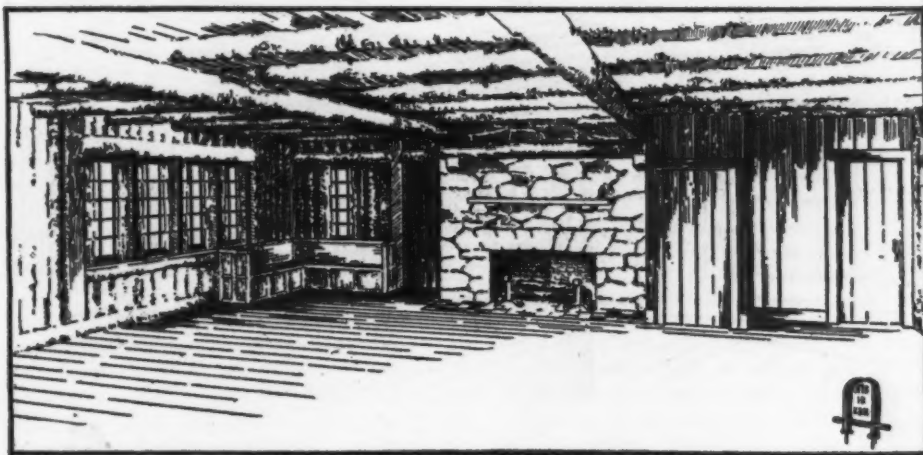
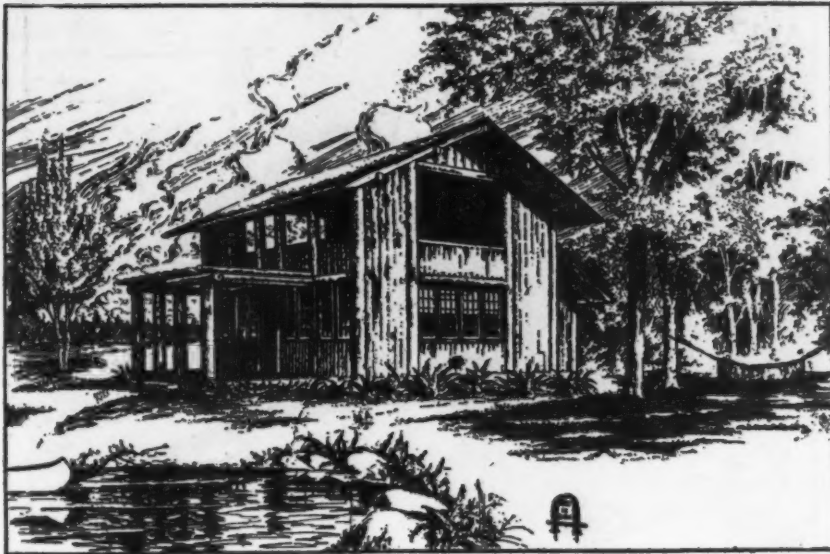
the mountains, hills or by the ocean, so inexpensively and simply that they can be closed during the winter with no fear that devastating idleness will ruin the home. All the hangings of such a camp are, of choice, washable, so that with a little care in packing things up for their winter's rest the task of getting the place in livable order each spring is a small matter. With elaborate houses the opening and closing of them is a labor that mars the pleasure of the summer's enjoyment, that makes a trouble of what should be a great pleasure.

The first of the summer camp houses is constructed of logs placed in an upright position. These logs can be of chestnut, cedar, oak or whatever wood is most convenient to the land it is to be built upon. If chestnut the bark should be removed, if cedar it may be left on. Logs from which the bark is removed weather to a beautiful rich tone, one impossible to duplicate by a stain. The chinking is of Portland cement and sand (one part cement and three parts



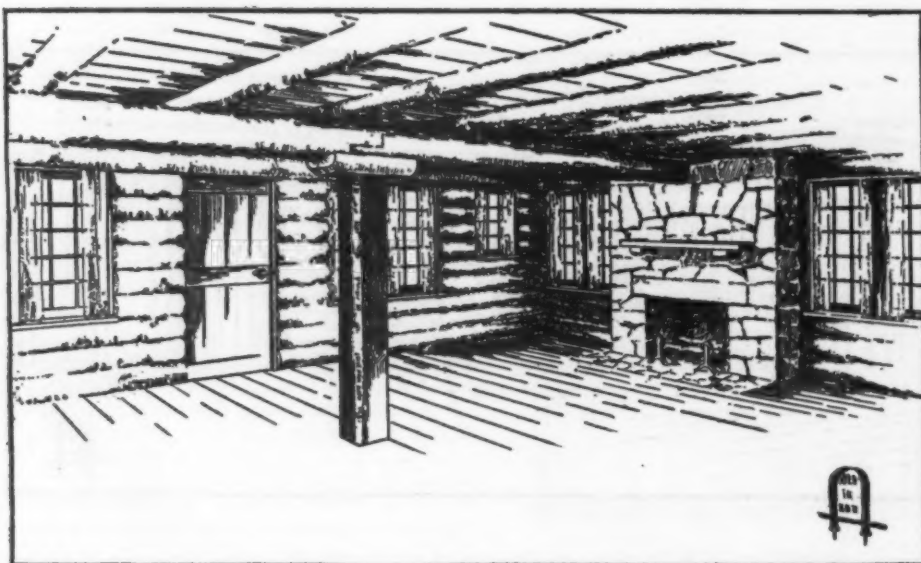
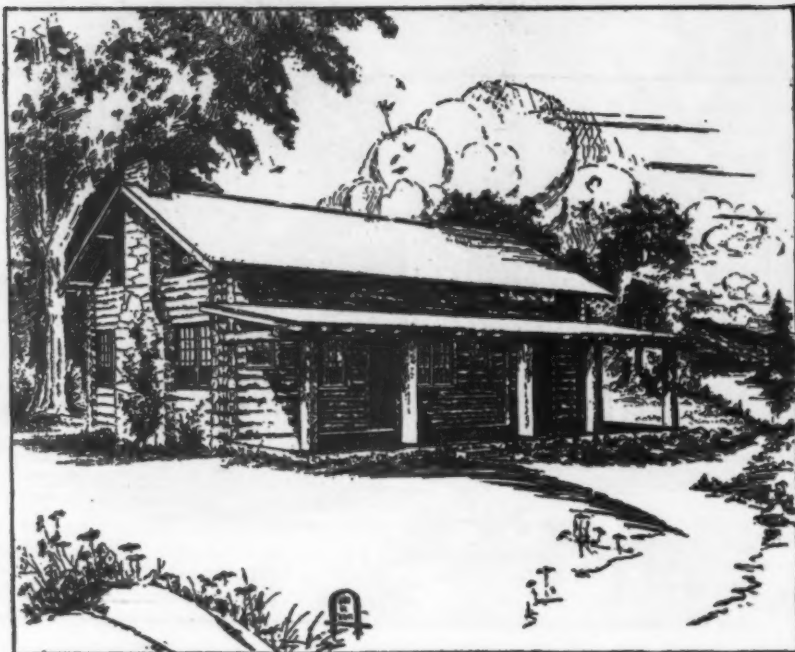
FLOOR PLAN FOR CRAFTSMAN
SUMMER LOG HOUSE: NO. 121.

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSES



A CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSE, WITH THE ENTIRE UPPER FLOOR ARRANGED FOR OUTDOOR SLEEPING: NO. 121.
LIVING ROOM IN THIS LOG HOUSE, SHOWING FIREPLACE AND BUILT-IN SEAT.

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSES



CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSE, WITH UPPER FLOOR PARTIALLY OPEN FOR COOL SLEEPING SPACE: NO. 122.
LIVING ROOM IN LOG HOUSE NO. 122; THE INTERIOR WALLS SHOWING THE LOGS IS MOST PICTURESQUE.

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSES

sand), and, therefore, permanent. It will take a stain like the logs if desired or will weather with them to a soft natural luster that nature alone knows how to impart. The shingles on the roof should be split instead of sawed, for when sawed a nap is left which discolors, turning them a sad-looking dark brown instead of the soft colors that time gives the split shingles. The logs can be hewn if desired, though where they fit together they will give better bond, will hold the cement chinking better, if left unhewn, which means greater permanence.

That this house may be constructed as cheaply as possible there is only one chimney in the plan, which is a considerable saving of time and expense. The main room is to be used as the dining room, or the table could be set under the trees in pleasant weather.

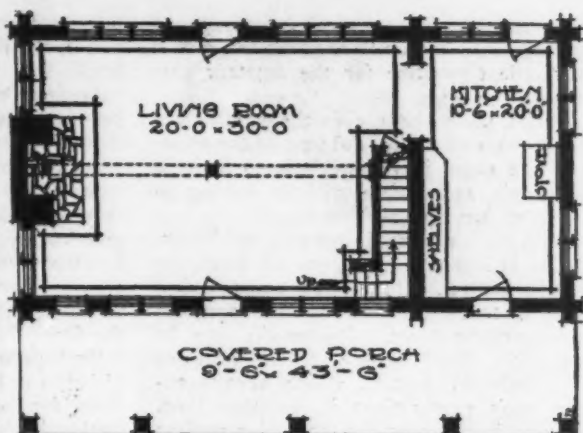
The windows are casement which are much cheaper than double-hung windows and can be easily removed and screens inserted for the summer months. The board floor can be made of North Carolina pine or of yellow pine.

The second house is built of logs also, but placed horizontally instead of perpendicularly. The treatment of logs, windows and floor is the same as for the first house, but the roof is Ruberoid instead of shingles.

The main feature of both houses is the open sleeping room. Now that people are finding that there is a charm, a healthfulness in sleeping out of doors not to be experienced in any indoor bedroom, the sleeping porch has come to be a part of almost every country home.

Curtains of duck can be placed in the windows to shut out rain or heavy winds. Batten blinds for the winter can be made of North Carolina sheeting and if fastened on the inside with hooks will be weather-proof as well as a protection from people who see no difference between "mine and thine."

Curtains can be run on wires or wooden poles in those open sleeping rooms, separating the one large room into as many small dressing rooms as desired. A short trial of sleeping where the air has free circulation will convince even the skeptic of the whole-



FLOOR PLAN FOR LOG HOUSE NO. 122.

someness and delight attendant upon such slumber. Simply a half-open window will not be enough after once "sleeping out of doors." Arranging so that the curtains can be drawn back when not needed as dressing screens will be appreciated by all who know that the more oxygen we breathe the less we are affected by heat or cold. It is the oxygen permeating our lungs that keeps us warm, and even in the winter a fully open window will assure us more body warmth than one open only an inch or so.

In lieu of bathrooms, which are not only difficult to have installed so far from the haunts of plumbers, but which also add materially to the cost of a small house, the pools of nearby brooks can be enclosed or screened in, affording a delightful bath in running water. Or if the camp is near the ocean or a river, a swim is better than any possible porcelain tub! Portable bathtubs can be installed if desired, for wherever there is a house in the wilds there is sure to be some system of spring or running water by which the house can be supplied.

The living rooms shut out as little of the outside world as possible, for they are well supplied with windows. Seats can be built in all around these rooms if desired, of rustic to harmonize with the rest of the room. These seats can be lockers in which to store things which are not needed as "ornaments" in the room, or to hold the bedding in winter.

All the furniture can be of rustic also, which is not only eminently suitable for such a house, but is within the cabinet-making possibilities of the members of the family. To make rustic furniture needs

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSES

very little skill, a practical knowledge of bracing being the chief requirement, and it is excellent practice for the amateur carpenter.

Chairs, tables, beds, even the candlesticks can be made of rustic, and part of the pleasure of a camp in the wilds is to fit it as completely as possible without having to transport furnishings from the city.

With such a camp, hospitality can be extended indefinitely by means of tents, for with a central, large living room and a kitchen, tent bedrooms can be annexed under nearby trees. Hammocks can be swung to afford sleeping accommodations for "week-end" parties, which always exceed one's expectations in vacation time. Sleeping bags under the trees give endless joy and health for the "boy scouts" of the family and their school guests, and cots can be installed on the covered porches. So that given an inclosed living room with a fireplace to cheer during rainy weather, and a convenient kitchen, these summer camps can make possible a vacation for many people.

Fireless cookers can easily be made with a box, two or three pails with tight-fitting lids, and sawdust, straw or excelsior. Housework is greatly simplified by these cookers. The cereal for breakfast can be started the night before while the dinner is being cooked, and put into the fireless cooker. When taken out next morning it is ready for breakfast. Large pieces of meat, soups, vegetables that require much cooking, can all be cooked in this fireless stove to the great improvement of the flavor of the food as well as the saving of time and labor.

Cultivated flowers would be, of course, much out of place in such a camp, so ferns or any wild flowers or small shrubs can be transplanted around the house.

For vines against the chimney or over the pergola nothing could be more satisfactory than the wild grape. Its perfume, color and the decorative quality of its leaves afford endless delight. And there is the wild honeysuckle, clematis, cucumber and many other native vines which will bear transplanting and will also be able to stand the winter without having to be protected.

The fireplaces being of the simplest possible construction can be made by the owner of the camp from stones gathered from the ground on which the house stands, or from the brook or river side. Stones gathered

near water will not stand the heat of the fire, so the fireplace must be lined with fire-brick.

Andirons can be made out of rods of iron, but if the camp is far from the reach of even iron rods, or if time is lacking to make them as soon as needed, wet green logs will serve the purpose admirably. They will not only be a long time in burning but will give out a great deal of heat. Trappers and woodsmen use these green logs in preference to stone, for the stone might split and injure the eyes of those gathered about the fire.

Such permanent camps as those suggested here can be the outcome of tenting vacations, for families who are accustomed to tenting in the same locality year after year can themselves erect such a house as part of the summer's fun and experience. They provide a place for assembling in rainy weather and a storeroom for the tents and their furnishings during the winter.

The pleasure of building a home is not to be compared with any other sort of pleasure. Home-building belongs to the primitive faculties; it is a natural instinct for man to build his own home. "There is the same fitness in a man's building his own home," says Thoreau, "that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their own dwellings with their own hands and provided food for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged?" And he says somewhere else "Shall we forever resign the pleasure of construction to the carpenter?" To read his description of his homemaking, his deliberate choosing of the trees to be felled, the way he dug the cellar and built the chimney, is to become inspired with his joy of it all, and perhaps there is much truth in his statement that we might find out how to sing if we would build our own homes. Why, as he says, should we imitate the rare, unloved exceptions in the lives of birds and animals who live in homes of someone else's making?

We must find the joy that comes with the exercising of our muscles, the satisfaction that comes as we see the thought of our minds taking shape before us. We should relish any life or occupation that develops our ingenuity, our judgement, that makes our muscles firmer, our brain keener.

Any outdoor experience, whether the play

THE NEED OF HAPPINESS

of vacation time or the work of it, the building of the camp, making of the furniture, cutting the wood for the camp fires, invigorates, refreshes our minds and bodies. We become stronger, more alive to every detail of life, and we are more fitted to "battle magnificently against odds," with every day spent out of doors.

Everyone who has spent much of his life in the woods or in open-air pursuits, experienced the solitude of early mountain mornings, the quiet of evenings by the sea, knows that he is storing up an immense vitality of brain and body. We should go as often as possible to the country, live there as long as possible, and so refill the treasure-house of our magnetic force which is so depleted by the confusion, the strain of a city life. To sleep out of doors if possible, under the open sky or the canopy of trees, or if one is not rugged enough for this, then to rest under the protection of the sleeping porch, is to drive old age, ill health, "nerves" far into the background. One learns unconsciously to move less nervously, to think more sanely, if much in the presence of Nature, for we are imitators and fall easily under the spell of her tranquillity.

With such simple houses where work may be reduced to a minimum of joy, and health exalted to the utmost, where we can become acquainted with the furry and feathered wood-folk, where afternoon teas are honored by the presence of robin, wren, thrush, who chat pleasantly but gossip never, where we can get wordless yet comprehended messages from tree, flower, cloud, water, where dress is plain and fare wholesome—there comes a new sense of living. It is not idleness to sit still in the shade of a beech tree and listen to the melodious, soft voice of a brook, the rustle of leaves, the exultant song of bird. It is not idleness to grow in grace, stature, health, sympathy and larger understanding.

Our increasing restlessness as individuals and as a nation necessitates a tonic of wild care-free life now and then and it cannot be had in elaborately commissioned palaces, which are termed cottages for some unexplained reason.

The strings of general life are strung too tightly, and so pitched out of tune. They will not respond to harmony in this strained tautness. So it is good to spend the vacation, whether a day or summer, where it is possible to relax, to muse, to think of simple things and simple beauties.

THE NEED OF HAPPINESS

THERE is a proverb from some wise nation to the effect that "Fortune comes in at the smiling door," and there is much truth in the statement that happiness is a magnet that attracts unto itself more and more happiness. People never tire of adding a bit of pleasure to the life of one who is already amply provided with this beloved quality. There is a peculiar comfort in giving flowers to someone who loves them and already has a garden full. Rich people receive gifts that they are not in need of, while the poor are passed by. And much of this is because good fortune likes to knock at a smiling door, it seems to give abundantly where the treasury is already full.

Every joy seems to attend the step of him who springs buoyantly along the highways and byways of the world.

A certain poet whose creed is joy has declared that no medicine is so potent in healing the mind and body of man, that no lever is so effective in prying out a bemired chariot, no magnet so strong to coax wisdom, wealth, love to dwell as friends close to his side, as just joy.

"To covet nothing but kindness of heart," is to have this joy; to give generously rather than to beg eloquently, to strive and to enjoy the struggle rather than to whine because of the load, is to know joy.

We lose joy when we fix envious eyes upon something we have not, instead of placing them lovingly upon the one small meager little trifle we may already possess. If love increases with loving, it is equally true that happiness increases with being happy.

When Saadi was walking footsore and weary through the desert he complained bitterly because of the condition of his feet, but after a time he came upon a beggar who had no feet at all and immediately he was ashamed, ceased his complaints and rejoiced instead that he was able to pursue his journey.

To be happy is not to be dancing and singing, it is to become quiet, at peace. It is to fix the mind upon the goal and travel toward it, whether the way is difficult or not. It is progress, steady, sure, "to fight nor count the cost," to simplify rather than enlarge one's possessions, to appreciate the joy of travelling rather than the joy of arriving.

PICTURESQUE TREATMENT OF WINDOWS

PICTURESQUE TREATMENT OF CITY WINDOWS

SOME homes need little decoration but the opening of their windows to make them lovely, for the pictures framed by the casement are as so many *Monnies* hung upon the walls. And the winds that enter are sweet with the perfume of flowers, as sweet as fabled Persian rose gardens or incense from temples of India. Curtains are flung wide and panes are large that nothing may obscure the perfect view of the wonderful pageant of nature that is a full year in passing by.

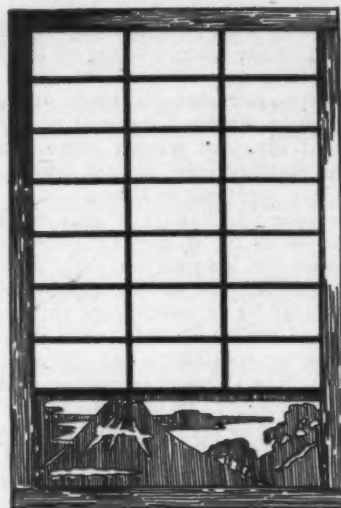
But there are other homes not as fortunate, for were the windows flung wide distressing backyards, monotonous brick walls or apartment house courts where the week's wash of numerous families is perpetually displayed in nerve-wracking confusion, would greet and offend the eye.

So the treatment of city windows must be carefully considered, and if after earnest effort on our part we fail to find a satisfactory solution of this important problem, it will be well for us to turn to the Japanese for inspiration. A window in their hands is sometimes so decorative, so attractive, that the lack of a view through it is not felt.

They have a way of handling bamboo or small strips of wood that touches the imagination. It is impossible to pass by one of these bamboo-finished windows without giving it a second glance, for its beauty is compelling and not to be overlooked.

The Japanese make the window interesting whether there is a fine view or not, and none can deny that a suitable frame enhances the beauty of the picture it encloses. If, however, the outlook is not all that could be desired they hang a transparent silk of sunlight yellow, or stretch creamy rice paper back of the bamboo.

Their placing of bamboo in squares or oblongs, in panels perpendicular or horizontal, is worthy of study, for it is full of decorative charm. An illustration is given (No. 1) of a window where the two upright strips of bamboo are set quite close together on either side of the window, helping to give an effect of height. If this design is to be adapted to our own city windows it would be well to experiment carefully with the placing of these perpendicular pieces. Try them quite close together and some distance from the casement, then try them close together, but further away



WINDOW SHOWING JAPANESE TREATMENT OF WOOD STRIPS AND CARVED WOOD PANEL (NO. 3).

from the casement, until a perfect proportion is obtained. The next important line is the single horizontal one at the bottom, for its distance up from the sill is a determining line of balance. The cross-bars at the top are not so important. The sketch was made from a bay window treated in this manner and an additional note of interest was the strips of bamboo that were set across the top and allowed to project beyond the window into the room for about eight inches. From the outermost strip was hung a lantern which completed the charming decoration.

Vines could be grown in such a window and allowed to twine in and out through the overhead trellis and drop down now and then, giving an outdoor aspect to the whole end of the room. Especial note must be made of the method of construction, for the strips are tied together with twine—this tying not only being the easiest way to hold the strips in place but adding a little interest of its own.

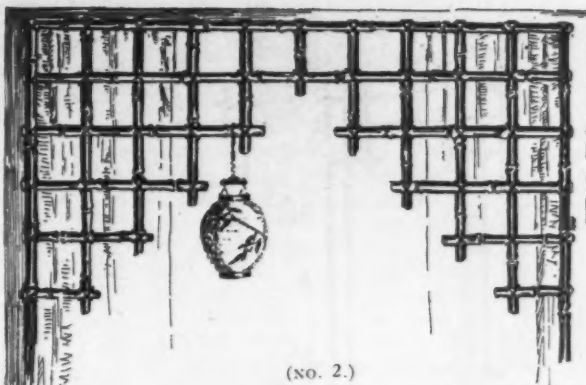
The second illustration gives another method of using these slender bamboo poles, one that is easily adapted to windows of any size. The perfect square when used in trellis form is always attractive, and the breaking of the lower corners of the squares gives a sense of airiness quite in keeping with the arbor design. These strips are also tied together, the string being crossed as shown.

PICTURESQUE TREATMENT OF WINDOWS

The third illustration shows the use of small square strips of wood halved together in oblong panels. The window is covered with this paneling, with the exception of an openwork carved panel of wood at the bottom. Back of this charming grill is stretched Habutai or Shikii silk of a soft yellow, which gives an effect of sunlight in the room. These Japanese silks are transparent, letting the light enter yet shutting out the unsightly backyard of some tenant whose carelessness in matters of neighborly consideration is much to be regretted. The creamy Japanese rice paper could be used to advantage in lieu of silk if desired.

Still another form of wooden grill is shown in the fourth illustration, the charm consisting in the proportions of the spaces left by the shape of the grill which is halved together, a bit of cabinet work that is satisfactory wherever used. The silk used in this instance was a plain Hikaga with the birds appliquéd upon it so that there could be no mistake about the placing of the birds in the design. Again we must acknowledge the skill of the Japanese in the way of handling spaces. The birds are playing in natural joyous flight, so that the entire composition is graceful as a whole yet each panel is perfect in itself, the birds not being in the center, but in some corner, and one panel being left empty, which is equal to the effective pause that musicians use in their compositions.

There are various hand-stenciled designs of flowers or birds in the many col-



(NO. 2.)

JAPANESE TREATMENT FOR SQUARE CITY WINDOW: BAMBOO POLES TIED WITH CORDS AT EACH SECTION.

ored Japanese silks that can be used to advantage in such a window. There are also the Madras nets with adaptable patterns, and a Moucha gauze with figures of rich design.

Any of these designs shown could be carried out by the home-maker at slight cost, but if by chance time is lacking to do all the work oneself then these windows can be made to order at a cost of about \$1.50 a window. The silks vary in price, but the average is about \$1.50 a yard. The Hikaga, however, is only 95 cents and the Japanese hand-stenciled silks, 75 cents a yard.

Now, if you have no brick wall to shut out of sight,—which almost means that you live in the country,—these designs can be used to advantage in many other ways. A bathroom window treated as shown in illustration number four would take the place of stained glass generally used, and be much more individual and satisfactory. Or the bamboo shown in the second illustration could be used as a finish for double doors between large rooms.

So many city windows, especially the old ones in lower New York, are glaringly large or square or unmanageable, but treated as shown in the first illustration, with delicate silk to give soft glow to the room, they would be transformed into objects of great interest.

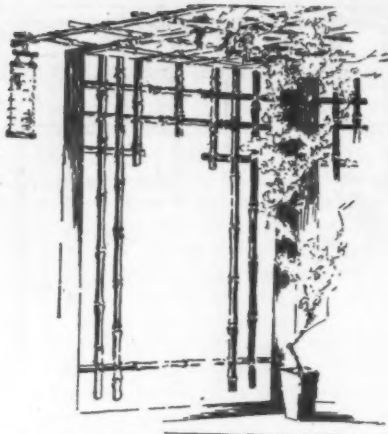
Any of these designs can be carried out in summer homes by using rustic, either in small rounds or else half rounds, for some-



(SUGGESTION NO. 4.)

SUGGESTION FOR TREATING BATHROOM WINDOWS WITH WOOD FRAMES AND CROSS STRIPS. SILK IS USED TO FILL SPACES AND THE BIRDS ARE APPLIQUÉD ON THE SILK.

VACATION WITH A CAMERA



JAPANESE BAMBOO LATTICE WINDOW WITH VINES TRAINED OVER THE GRILL TO HIDE UNPLEASANT VIEW FROM CITY WINDOW: NO. 1.

times the sun shines too ardently for comfort and so must be subdued in some way.

To produce beautiful lines in a room is not difficult if one starts from the beginning, planning all details carefully, but to transform a badly lighted or poorly proportioned room into a beautiful one is truly difficult. To produce an artistic effect in such a case requires a knowledge of the art of proportion, an understanding of the principles of design as applied to the use of spaces. In window treatment two parallel bamboo poles can be so placed that the height or width of the window is increased or diminished to the desired proportion, and a little experimenting will enable one to achieve an arrangement which is satisfactory because of perfect spacing.

A study of the beauty gained by the division of large spaces into smaller ones will be of value to whoever is striving to make some ungainly, barren room look livable and homelike, or to transform a crude design into finished loveliness.

In fact by utilizing the many hints and suggestions afforded by the Japanese treatment shown here, there seems no end to the delightful possibilities for home decoration, not only for windows but for any portion of an interior that needs some artistic handling to make it friendly and interesting. And such a method simply goes to show how much can be accomplished with unsatisfactory places if one can only bring into the fitting and furnishing of them the qualities of thoughtfulness, ingenuity and imagination.

VACATION WITH A CAMERA

EVERY vacation is or should be enjoyed three times,—in anticipation, realization and retrospection,—and of these the last is perhaps the best of all. For the trails that memory travels upon are pleasant indeed, leading us again and again to the same charmed spot. Like children, we find a peculiar fascination in an oft-repeated tale, providing, of course, the tale is a good one or suits our fancy. And so part of the fun of a vacation is the joy of re-living it in the telling of its delights to friends. If the friends are inclined to be skeptical about the size of the trout caught with a brown Hackle or bent pin, the beauty of the woods near the hotel or the charm of the home you visited, the length of the wildcats you saw, the coolness of the swimming pool, the fleetness of the sailing boat, the magnificence of the touring car, what satisfaction could be greater than to be able to say "Here is a photograph,—see for yourself!"

Such an argument is most effective, silencing doubts forever, for is it not said that "cameras never lie?" At least they do not default altogether from the truth, though they have a fiendish way of magnifying the freckles on our noses or subtracting all grace from a pose we imagined to be full of this alluring quality, and some people have been known to hold their biggest "catch" rather nearer the camera's recording eye than is consistent with perfect regard to perspective! It must also be admitted that cameras can never convey the full beauty of the evening sky or the morning light or roguish smile of the baby. Nevertheless they preserve for us many a beautiful day that might otherwise slip from our memory. We pin over our office desk a print of a quiet pool near which we lounged for one delightful day, and the sight of it often decoys us from the slough of our despondency or relieves our nervous tension by its healing quietness. We are refreshed at sight of it, as with a plunge into its soothing water.

The camera should play a leading part in all vacations because it portrays faithfully the main beauties of the brief jaunt into country life, enabling us to lengthen out the pleasure of that valued, refreshing oasis amid the year's merciless work. We can, with its help, surround ourselves with a goodly company of friends whose silent ministrations comfort us continually.

IRRIGATION FOR GARDENS IN THE EAST

IRRIGATION FOR EASTERN GARDENS

A KNOWLEDGE of irrigation as practiced in the West would save many a little garden in the East from the droughts that visit them almost every season. We are rapidly awakening to the need of the conservation of our water supply, to the wise use of this precious power. And whenever man is confronted with a problem he can find some way to solve it.

In the practice of irrigating our gardens instead of "watering" them as we now do, lies the solution of the problem as far as the country is concerned, for a very little water will irrigate a large garden.

Farmers nowadays place their trust in science instead of the dubious service of their lucky stars. They have investigated, with science as counselor, the subject of watering the ground, and the results gained by what is called "dry farming" have astonished the world. The main factor that they have brought to general notice is that evaporation of water from the soil must be prevented, for it is not that there is a shortage of moisture in the ground but that it is unnecessarily wasted by evaporation. The success of the "dry farmer" depends upon the careful preparation of the soil, and upon the method he uses to keep the moisture in the soil until needed by the plants. The evaporation of water is chiefly at the soil surface, and since a loose, dry soil makes evaporation difficult, they keep the top inch or so of ground well pulverized. Fine-grained soils lose the least amount of moisture, so if the soil of your garden is naturally heavy and coarse, the remedy is to see to it that there are no cracks or large chunks of dirt at the surface. It is sometimes wise to scatter straw or leaves over the garden during a very hot, dry spell, for they help materially to keep the moisture in the ground.

Weeds, of course, drink as much of the precious water as do the flowers or vegetables, so the garden must be kept well weeded. In dry weather roots go far down into the soil in search of the water and mineral foods so indispensable to their growth, so the lack of rain will not mean their death if they have been trained to be watered once a week or once in two weeks instead of every night, as is so generally supposed necessary throughout the East.

The best way to water the garden is first to bank the dirt around the edge of it to the height of three or four inches, which can be easily and quickly done with a hoe. Then turn the water slowly into this enclosure, letting the hose rest near the ground, perhaps only raised a trifle by means of a small stone placed just under the nozzle. The leaves of the plants must not be wet, and the water must not run with force enough to harden the surface of the ground. It is best to do the watering at night so that it can soak well down into the earth where it is needed. Early the next morning the ground should be raked over carefully, broken into fine particles, so that the precious water cannot escape by evaporation.

This is the secret of the success of irrigation—that the leaves of the plants are not wet—that the water be allowed to run slowly over the ground and so penetrate deeply, and that the ground be lightly but thoroughly cultivated at the surface as soon as it begins to harden or cake over.

Another way to prevent the waste of water, to keep it from running into the paths where it is not needed, is to dig a little trench with the hoe around the plant at a distance from it that must be determined by a knowledge of the extent of the root growth of the particular plant, and run the water slowly into this trench, letting it absorb into the ground. Some plants send their roots almost straight down, so that the trench could be dug within a few inches of the plant. Others send out their roots almost horizontally, so the trench should be dug far from the plant. The water should be allowed to soak into the soil where the roots can quickly and surely drink it.

During the hot weather a plant is often killed or its beauty ruined by sprinkling the plant itself instead of watering only the roots, for the leaves open their pores to absorb the water and are therefore more sensitive to the direct rays of the sun, turning brown when the sun touches them before they have closed. So they should never be watered in the morning during hot weather. Plants can be trained to require water but once a week and they will thrive better if allowed to drink deeply at long intervals, than if given a little water every day.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above was written in response to a request from one of our subscribers that we should furnish information that would help Eastern garden workers in dry weather.

SUPPLYING FAMILIES DIRECT FROM FARMS



ONE OF MR. McDONALD'S HENNERIES.

GETTING NEARER THE CONSUMER: SUPPLYING FAMILIES DIRECTLY FROM THE FARM WITHOUT THE MIDDLEMAN: BY W. H. JENKINS

IN the future we may expect to see the producer and consumer brought closer together and, to a large extent, the middleman eliminated. In times past the raw produce passed through the hands of the local buyers, the manufacturer, the wholesale and retail dealers before it reached the consumer. Now, because of better transportation service, customers are being supplied with dry goods directly from the factories and large distributing houses, and we see the passing of the small retail store, in both city and country.

It is a fact that the staple articles of food, such as butter, eggs, milk, meat and fruits, deteriorate when delayed in reaching the consumer, by passing through the hands of dealers. The only way to have these at their best is to produce them on one's own farm. The next best is to buy them from the producer who can furnish such products direct from the farm and deliver them by express before they lose quality. There are more difficulties to overcome when supplying customers with perishable products from the farm than with dry goods from the distributing house or factory, and the movement in this direction in the marketing of country produce has been much slower.

The purpose of this article is to tell how one farmer has demonstrated that it is pos-

sible and practicable to sell the products of the farm directly to families; how he established a farming plant and factory that are conducted on sound business methods; how the work requiring skilled labor is done by men trained in the agricultural schools; how the motive power for driving the machinery and lighting the equipment is a private electric water plant on the farm. This farmer, who is one of the pioneers in these progressive methods, is J. T. McDonald, and his farm is near the village of Delhi, N. Y. Prof. L. H. Bailey, Dean of the Agricultural College, Cornell University, said about Mr. McDonald: "When he came in my office and began to ask me questions, I found a man of whom I could learn." The result was a visit from Prof. Bailey to Mr. McDonald's farm.

Mr. McDonald belongs to the class of men who have been much alone in the quiet of the fields, whose life has been spent with nature much more than with men, and who have used their time for meditation, investigation and demonstration. His farm is located on a tributary of the Delaware river in Delaware County, N. Y., known as "Elk Creek." The alluvial soil along the stream, the upland pasture and the timbered hillsides afford the right conditions for dairy farming. Here the most nutritious grasses grow naturally and abundantly. The task which Mr. McDonald set himself was to grow maximum crops of grass and realize the most for it in marketable products. He realized that the most staple products are a guaranteed fine quality of fancy fresh butter and eggs, and that

SUPPLYING FAMILIES DIRECT FROM FARMS

many families would be willing to pay for them as high a price as is received by the retailer of such products in the city. He decided to convert the natural crop of the farm into these products and ship them by express to families, when they were at their best. He began with a herd of twenty-five cows and a small hennery to furnish families in the cities, whose trade he had obtained. One family would tell another about the quality of the goods they were getting from him and his trade so increased in a few years' time that his herd of cows was enlarged from twenty-five to one hundred. Buildings were erected and rebuilt, enlarged to accommodate the live stock, which now includes six hundred laying hens. Several men having families are hired by the year and cottages were built for them to live in, and the same men stay contented year after year.

The many small orders from families for butter and eggs called for boxes of different sizes, that could be made each day, in which to ship them. To furnish the power needed on his farm a dam was built across the stream and a mill house erected, to which the water is conducted by a race. In the mill house, or factory, is a sawmill for sawing logs into boards, a planing mill and box machinery, all driven by turbine wheels. In this way the boxes are made from the lumber on the farm. The grain fed is purchased in car lots and ground by water



MR. McDONALD'S DELIVERY WAGON

power. In this mill house there is a generator, run by water power, that lights all the buildings and runs electric motors in the butter factory and in other places where it is needed.

The writer was in the butter factory, then in charge of a graduate from Cornell University. The orders having been received for the next day, he went to the mill and made the boxes to suit the orders for butter and eggs and fowl for table use. The express charges are generally no more for a small order for butter, if eggs or fowl are included in the same shipment, and so the families order what they require of the produce of the farm shipped at the same time.

In the summer the boxes are made large enough so that the goods can be packed in ice. Mr. McDonald's large, canopy-covered



THE BARN, DAIRY AND BUTTER FACTORY

SUPPLYING FAMILIES DIRECT FROM FARMS



A STRETCH OF FARM LAND ABOUT THE HOUSE.

delivery wagon is driven to the railroad station five miles distant, each alternate weekday, carrying two days' produce from the one hundred cows, six hundred hens, etc. Three days from the time the butter is made, at the most, it is received by the consumer. The consumer gets a better product than can possibly be furnished by the dealer who must carry goods in stock, and Mr. McDonald gets all there is in the business.

The question will naturally arise in the minds of many, if these innovations of supplying customers directly from the factory and farm should become more universal, how will it affect the large class of merchants, dealers and middlemen? They will be driven into other employments, many of them to working the soil, so production will be increased, and the present high prices of country produce show that the country is consuming more than it is producing. Others will work at bringing out products and permanent improvements demanded by a higher civilization. Trade does not make wealth, and when it is not needed, the country will turn the energy so expended into other channels, and the result will be more material comforts placed within the reach of more people. Every capable and trained worker will find his place. This readjustment in the methods of distribution will be so gradual that workers will prepare themselves to meet new conditions.

Some of my readers will ask about the balance sheets in Mr. McDonald's plan of farming and marketing his products. It is sufficient to say that he began thirty years ago with little capital, that he has paid a large indebtedness on his farm as well as for permanent improvements worth several thousand dollars; he has established

a plant that, like a well-managed factory, runs smoothly, and pays a good dividend whether he is present or absent; his fine country home, lighted by electricity at nominal cost, has all the modern improvements and comforts; a force of men are given good homes on his farms and are so well satisfied that they stay year after year; many city people have been supplied with the best the country affords at moderate prices,—these are among

some of the good results of Mr. McDonald's work.

THE advantage of thus bringing the consumer and producer so close together is not wholly with the consumer. The rural producer is bound to take a greater interest in metropolitan conditions if he is associated with them by business ties. To make a success of his work he must understand the market, he must get into occasional contact with his customers. They would benefit from knowing the kind of life that he is living, and he in turn becomes broader from association with them.

There is no doubt of the fact that to increase interest in our rural life, city and country must be brought closer together. The city man must be made to understand that rural conditions mean the most wonderful things in the world—health, beauty, peace, comfort,—things not easily found in the tight life of high cities, and the coun-



THE BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED MCDONALD HOME.

tryman must cease to imagine that the city is the only desirable place for brains and progress. To take advantage of opportunities in the country and to make the most of them mean the highest kind of intelligence.

A STUDY OF MODERN BUILDING MATERIALS

A STUDY OF MODERN BUILDING MATERIALS

ONE of the most interesting details in connection with home building—perhaps the one least understood and certainly the most important—is the selection of the materials to be used in the construction of the building. There are many matters to be considered in making a wise selection. Americans have unfortunately too often made the cost the whole consideration and have left the selection of materials entirely to the contractor. As a result repairs are frequent and costly and American homes have acquired the reputation of being cheaply built.

The trouble is not with our artisans—American carpenters, masons and other mechanics are superior to the skilled labor of any other nationality, and it is an injustice to hold them responsible for the deplorable conditions which exist. Generally, these men have nothing to do with the selection of material or the methods employed in putting them together. It is the architect or contractor who selects the material and specifies how the work shall be done, and it is here that owners must look for changes that will bring about better and more permanent results.

In Europe the home is the proud possession of one generation after another, as it is handed down from father to son. Contrast with this the houses built for our ancestors a generation ago; in most cases the houses have tumbled down, and when still standing are considered a burden to the owner because of the expensive repairs necessary.

The argument is frequently made that "if a house will last for twenty-five years we expect to be able then to build one larger and better." True, but is it economy to build the small house so cheaply that in twenty-five years it is worthless? On the contrary, with the rapid advancement in the price of real estate in all sections of our country—the house ought to be not only worth much more than its original cost at the end of the period mentioned, but a charming home with its interesting bits of family history and romance for succeeding generations.

Permanent construction—houses built to stand for a century and longer—need not cost much more than the cheap, flimsy structures which today are so often being built.

Brick or cement foundation and walls,

slate or tile roofs, brick, cement or tile porch floors will all stand the test of time, and be more beautiful at the end of a century than when completed.

Common hard-burned brick, if selected for dark color, and laid up in Dutch or Flemish bond, with half-inch joints, raked out to a depth of a half inch, make a most charming exterior. No wood or stone need be used, as sills and lintels can both be formed in brick, and thus become actual structural ornamentations.

Where one has the means and inclination for a more elaborate home, the market offers an endless variety of pressed and wire-cut brick in every shade or color. Some of the wire-cut bricks are as beautiful in color and texture as the rare tapestries of the Orient, and it is due to the genius of the American that we have brick which in these respects has no equal even in the famous buildings and ruins of Europe.

Cement as manufactured today is inexpensive, and if properly erected is as permanent as brick. Being a new product much experimenting has been done and many failures are the result, yet cement is surely becoming one of our principal and best building materials. Cement being a good conductor of heat and cold cannot be used as a solid wall without an air space because of the condensation of moisture on the inside walls. The ideal cement construction is two solid walls, side by side—with a 3-inch space between, and with no connection between the walls, except metal ties. Walls should be connected at top and bottom, rendering the space between "dead air" with no chance for circulation. Walls constructed in this manner will afford good insulation and will be free from dampness. Age increases the efficiency of cement, and it is practically impervious to the action of the weather.

Cement has been most unsatisfactory in this country where applied as stucco, and such trouble as occurs with this method is not with the cement but the method of application. The usual plan is to sheath with boards the entire exterior to be stuccoed, then apply waterproof paper and furr on top of this. Metal lath over which the cement stucco is applied is nailed to the furring.

This construction is not permanent. The metal lath being largely exposed on the inner side to the action of the moisture and air will last for only a few years and

A STUDY OF MODERN BUILDING MATERIALS

the building paper will not long prevent the moisture which strikes through the cement from affecting the wood sheathing. Nothing can withstand the force exerted by the swelling of the wood, and sooner or later the cement will crack and fall off.

A heavy metal lath made in the form of a truss by expanding the metal can now be had very cheap. This lath is applied directly to the studding—no sheathing being used—and is plastered with cement mortar on both sides, finishing to a thickness of 2 inches to 2½ inches. By actual test of several years duration metal lath embedded in cement in this way will not rust or corrode. The expansion of the cement and metal is practically uniform and this method at once becomes durable and permanent.

Wood is not a permanent material for exterior use; yet hand-split cypress shingles if carefully laid and fastened with copper nails will easily last a century without expense for painting or other care. The sawed shingle is generally short lived—25 to 50 years being about the limit of its usefulness—and besides it requires careful attention and considerable expense for painting. If wood is to be exposed to the weather it is wise to use cypress. This is one of the inexpensive American woods and has the greatest power of resisting the action of sun and water. It can be treated with a stain, because of its beautiful grain, or simply oiled—paint not being necessary to preserve it.

Porch floors are never permanent when made of wood. The pitch is not sufficient to drain off the water and prevent the wood from becoming water-soaked; and, usually being under a roof, the boards dry out very slowly, affording an excellent chance for decay. Cement and brick are so inexpensive that either can now be laid for these outside floors. If one desires more beauty and can afford it, various promenade tiles are now offered, which are equally useful and permanent.

The roof should have the most careful consideration. Slate can be had now from \$6.00 per square, up, and tile can be purchased almost as cheaply. Both of these materials are offered in various sizes, designs and colors, so that any requirement, either in price or beauty, can easily be met.

Shingles or any of the various patented roofings offered are not permanent, and the life of any of these is seldom over 25 years.

If building a home is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, not merely because it's a waste of money to build cheaply, but because of the influence on the rising generation of things well done—of permanent construction standing as a monument of sturdiness and honesty.

A modern term of reproach, of ignominy or insult, one applied to whoever attains a station that he is unable to hold, or constructs a building that will not stand the test of time, is "mushroom growth."

Nearly everyone has scorn in his heart for whatever is meant for show or display rather than for use, for secret fraud or incompetence instead of open candor and reliability.

The Pyramids have been the basis of innumerable sermons, their permanency will always be an inspiration to builders of buildings, builders of literature and of art. Because they have stood the test of time, even though built apparently on a foundation of sand, they have almost attained the respect accorded scripture. Pilgrimages are made to them from every part of the world because they are the opposite pole of "mushroom growth."

Life is complicated enough without putting ourselves to the needless task of doing everything today that was done yesterday—it is too much like children making sand houses on the shore of an ocean that each night erases the efforts of the day.

Kipling says that impermanency is the dominating trait of monkeys, that they build, or start to build, a home, that it is either abandoned or else falls apart. They make no provision for heat or cold or time or old age, just chatter aimlessly from day to day. Where man shows his supremacy over all the animal world and places himself close to the realm of the gods (the eternal) is just in the matter of desire for permanence, for eternal rather than for passing things.

Man stands on the level ground between the animals and the gods, he travels upward or downward at his individual will by his daily, hourly, choice of whether he will pleasantly, easily slip downward or whether he will with an effort climb upward. Now the building of houses is one of the countless opportunities for choice in this matter of making toward superior life or slipping down to a lower plane.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS: NUMBER THREE

THERE seems to be no limit to the interest our readers have shown in these houses built from Craftsman inspiration. Already we have published two articles on the subject, and the more we publish, the more letters we receive saying how much help and inspiration has been gained from Craftsman house plans. Almost every day brings us fresh photographs and floor plans which our readers feel sure we will be interested in as the houses have been built up from Craftsman ideas, and the homes more or less have become Craftsman homes.

Of course these houses have almost without exception been modified in the building. Very few have carried out the exact plans which were sent to them from the Craftsman drafting rooms, and so far in this group we have not published any house put up by our own Craftsman builders. In each instance, up to date, our plans have been put in the hands of the local architect or builder and have then been adjusted to the ideas of the owner, the location and general conditions. And after all this is an ideal way

of building a home. In the first place to secure some practical, wise purpose in house construction, and adjust this to one's own needs, and then have the architect adapt it to such conditions as must modify its development.

Few of us have thought enough about either the philosophy or the economics of house building to depend upon ourselves to evolve a structure suited to our needs and comfort. When we start planning a house



THE HOME OF MISS E. C. KAKAS AT MEDFORD, MASS.

for ourselves, most of us, we think of certain features of other people's homes, which we have liked, and we plan somehow to combine these pleasant details for ourselves in one house. Beyond this, few of us have any ideal in our building, any definite purpose for our architect to adhere to. We like the piazza of one friend, the arrangement of windows in some house; we want more closets than Mrs. Smith has, and we must have a sleeping porch. We do not like dormer windows and we want a comfortable room for the maid. And so it goes.

We believe that to most people the value of Craftsman house plans is that they furnish a foundation for building. They set forth one definite ideal and in spite of many changes in essentials for individual needs the ideal and purpose inherent in



STREET VIEW OF MISS KAKAS' HOME.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS



GARDEN SIDE OF MISS KAKAS' HOUSE.

Craftsman architecture must in the long run prevail in a house built from our plans. We have known from our own experience in the houses that we have built ourselves that almost without exception all the Craftsman buildings reveal a definiteness of construction, a symmetry and beauty impossible where a structure is put up without coherence of design.

It is equally true of people and houses that the haphazard is never beautiful, and unrelated detail can never produce harmony. The beauty of the great Gothic cathedrals is born of purpose. A series of clever disconnected ideas could never have produced the same result. The beauty (of its kind) of our own modern sky-scraper is again the result of inherent purpose and of vital need; whereas the hideous buildings which dot our poor, maltreated suburbs all over the land are the result of the dishonesty of the builder, and of the kinds of people who want to live in them who must have fake finery to impress their neighbors.

You cannot build a house from dishonest motives and live in it in mean ways and expect the building to be a very impressive piece of architecture. If a house is built solely to sell or rent to people whose lives are full of pretence, it becomes an abnormal thing, just as people do who bluff and

assume qualities which they haven't achieved through staunch living. We have got to put character in our houses to make them worthy of ranking as architecture, and we have got to have character in order to put it into them. It is impossible for a nation to live on the surface and to build permanently. It is impossible for a people to prate a philosophy very long that is not resting in sane living. You cannot trick truth; you can only lose your power to portray her beauty.

As a matter of fact there is no expression of human force and development or of human weakness and failure so absolute and final as the architecture of a country. It is quite impossible for a man to build a house that is not in a way his own autobiography. And a nation cannot hide her weakness so long as people must live in houses, for whatever is false, arti-



LIVING ROOM, SHOWING FIRE-PLACE IN MISS KAKAS' HOUSE.

ficial, vitiated, insincere in the heart will eventually appear in the home, and the aggregation of homes is what brands the nation as having good or bad architecture. Very few of us indeed ever stop to think how utterly the architecture is born in the hearts of the people.

The purpose of Craftsman architecture is not to start a new "style," to establish

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

an American architecture, to do something "different;" but to achieve something worth while, to help people to build simple, comfortable homes, to have places to live in suited to their income and their taste, to make it possible to have these homes permanent yet built with economy, and always to have them beautiful, knowing that these three attributes of architecture—permanence, economy and beauty—are forever closely interrelated. Gustav Stickley, who is the originator of Craftsman architecture, has just finished building his own home in New Jersey, from his own plans, and has succeeded in proving to his own satisfaction how nearly a house can be made to relate to the needs of the people who are going to live in it, and also in proving that the more satisfactory a building is as a home the more beautiful it will be as architecture.

One of the most charming houses built from Craftsman ideas that has ever come to this office helps to illustrate this article. It was built for Miss E. C. Kakas in West Medford, Massachusetts, by Mr. J. P. Loud of Boston. We feel that this house will be of special interest to our readers and for this reason we are publishing in full Miss Kakas' own description which she sent to us a few days ago.

"OUR family having shrunk to two people, we found the old homestead of fourteen rooms uncomfortably large, so we decided to build a small house in the old-fashioned orchard garden, on the southern slope of the hillside facing the house.

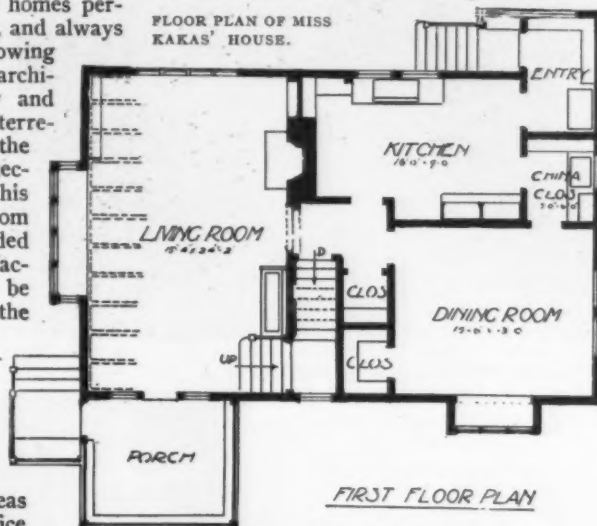
"The lot is about one hundred and fifty feet square and the house was placed on a knoll at the extreme east end. The foundation walls are forty by twenty-five feet, leaving about fifty feet both at the front and rear of the house, which faces the long western slope overlooking the garden.

"The house is a frame structure boarded and lathed with clinton wire on furring strips, rough plastered with three coats of Atlas Portland cement, in the natural color. The cypress trimmings are stained brown, and the blinds painted green. The sloping roof follows the line of the hill, thus giving the house the distinction of

complete harmony with its surroundings.

"The main entrance is approached by stepping stones of white tiles to an enclosed porch on the north-west corner, twelve by thirteen feet in size, which in summer is

FLOOR PLAN OF MISS KAKAS' HOUSE.



concealed by ornamental trees and shrubbery, affording a cozy living and dining room, and in winter, a sun parlor.

"A door with windows on either side opens directly into the living room, which is twenty-four by fifteen feet, additional floor space being given by a long bay window on the north facing the street. Four leaded, casement windows placed high and directly opposite the door on the east wall, give ample light and air.

"Opening from the center of the south wall is a passage leading to the dining room, kitchen, basement stairs and a coat closet. A large mirror on the left wall reflects a corner of the dining room, thus adding to the feeling of spaciousness. On the left of the passage is an open fireplace of common red brick, set in the paneling, and beyond it, a group of book shelves built in the wall. In the south-west corner five steps lead to a landing with a window facing the garden and turning to the left eight steps complete the stairway which is hidden by the wall partition. A square newel post extends from the heavily beamed ceiling to the floor, with a screen of two by two balusters, above a four-foot buttress to the wall, partially hiding the stairs. Between this stairway and the passage, a long wood box, form-

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS



THE HOME OF MRS. WALTER VAN DUYN.

ing a seat, is an interesting structural feature of the room. In the wall at the back of the wood box, is a paneled door opening from the basement stairs through which wood is brought in.

"The room is wainscoted to the top of the window architraves with matched boards of North Carolina pine nine inches wide, rabbeted top and bottom with a beveled base and a three-inch plate shelf above. The ceiling is furred up between the three-inch floor joists of Southern pine, and is finished with rough cast plaster, as is also the frieze above the plate shelf. This is tinted a soft yellow giving the effect of sunlight.

The woodwork is stained in walnut sufficiently light in tone to bring out the beautiful qualities in the grain of the wood. The floors are slightly stained to harmonize with the general tone of the rooms.

"The dining room is thirteen-eight by sixteen-two feet, and is lighted on the south by two windows and a plant window on the west which is two feet deep, six feet wide, and three feet above the floor. This consists of five casements opening out, and the shelf is tiled with dark green Grueby tiles. The walls of this room are permanently covered with a soft silver-green book linen, paneled with four and one-half inch



SHOWING CHARMING FIRE-PLACE FITTINGS AND FURNISHINGS IN THE LIVING ROOM OF MRS. VAN DUYN'S HOUSE.



INTERESTING WOODWORK IN THE HALLWAY.

casings of North Carolina pine, stained bronze green. The ceiling and frieze are rough plastered in deep rich cream above a six-inch rail with a three-inch molding carried around the room above the windows. In the north-west corner is a large old-fashioned china closet fitted with drawers and cupboards. A swinging door on the south-east corner leads into a well-lighted service pantry, connecting directly with the kitchen. "The kitchen is a practical room,

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

fifteen by ten feet in size. The room is lighted by two mullion windows set above the slate sink, which is three feet six inches by twenty-one inches and set twenty-eight inches from the floor. The sink is flanked on one side by a large grooved draining shelf and on the other by a counter with cupboards three feet high, thus obviating any stooping. Open shelves on the north wall, between the sink and the gas range, and three cleats with hooks hold the kitchen utensils. A cabinet, on a line with the sink at the other end, contains the cooking materials. On the opposite side stands the table and chair beside the radiator. The walls are wainscoted in tiled Sanitas to the chair rail and painted above. The finish is natural hard pine, varnished.

"A large entry with broom closet, shelves, refrigerator, table and chair, leads to the back porch.

"An oak stairway leads to the basement landing which opens directly on the garden. At the left of this door four steps lead to the owner's workshop and studio, which is sheathed in common barn boards to the ceiling and stained a soft gray, as is also the hard pine floor. At the right of the landing four steps lead into the cellar which contains the hot water heater and coal bins and is partitioned off into a large storeroom under the front porch, a cold storage closet on the north, a servants' bath and a well-



DINING ROOM IN MRS. VAN DUYN'S HOUSE.

lighted laundry on the south-east which opens directly into the clothes yard. The basement walls are built of field stone with deep-pointed joints. Under the back porch is a large closet containing all the garden tools.

"There are three bedrooms. The largest, over the dining room, has four straight walls and three large closets, utilizing the space under the slope of the roof. An alcove over the porch contains three high casement windows, which, with two windows on the north and one on the east, give full circulation of air and plenty of light.

"The bathroom is entered from this chamber and the hall is wainscoted in canvas, painted with three coats of white enamel paint, and finished by a plain rail four feet from the floor. The woodwork is painted white and the walls a soft yellow. There is a built-in medicine or bottle closet, shelved from the ceiling to the floor.

"The hall contains an extra large linen closet with open shelves and hanging cleats. The hall walls are covered with natural burlap and the chambers are papered with a small figured two-toned paper of the same pattern, using yellow for the north chamber, blue in the south-east, and écru in the south-west room.

"The house was evolved from long and careful study of the Craftsman designs and planned in every detail to meet our own requirements.

"The architectural drawings

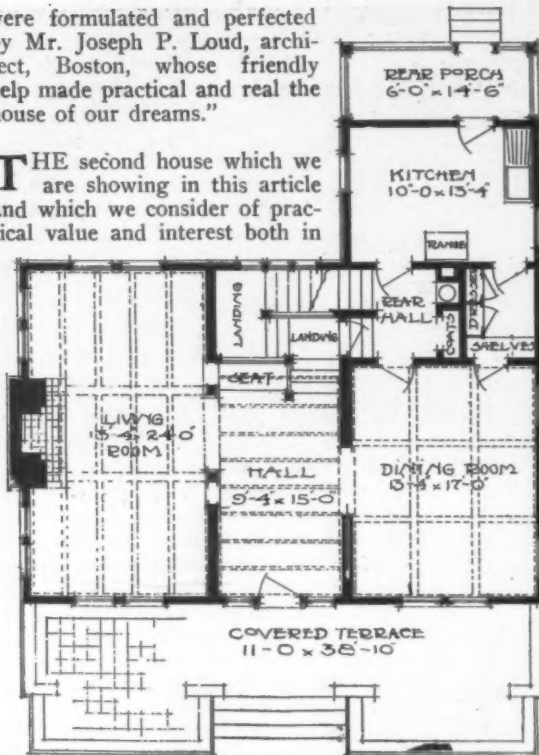


INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION AND FINISH OF STAIRWAY.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

were formulated and perfected by Mr. Joseph P. Loud, architect, Boston, whose friendly help made practical and real the house of our dreams."

THE second house which we are showing in this article and which we consider of practical value and interest both in



MRS. VAN DUYN'S HOUSE:
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

design and furnishing was built in Springfield, Illinois, for Mrs. Walter S. Van Duyn. It seems to us that the pictures of the exterior showing the brick and shingle, also the interior with the plain walls and exposed construction, embody Craftsman principles in a most effective way. We are very pleased with the opportunity of presenting it to our readers.

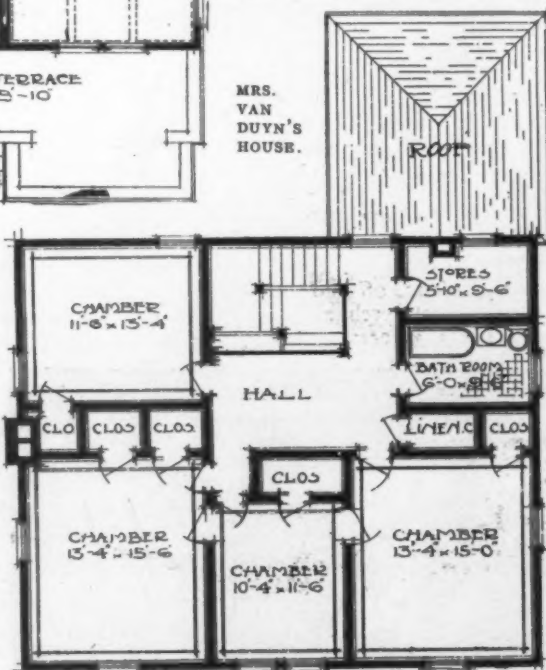
Mrs. Van Duyn writes as follows:

"Yes, we built a Craftsman house. It was finished five years ago this last March; two of your plans were combined by the architect who used the elevation of one and the floor plans of another, and we are delighted with the result which is very generally admired. All of our ideas for fitting were taken from *THE CRAFTSMAN*. The copper hood shown over the fireplace came

from the Craftsman shops. It is especially interesting over the bricks in the fireplace which are hard burned and laid in with black cement. As for the colors of the outside, the shingles are brown and the roof green, and the effect is singularly good in the fifty foot lot where it is placed, both against the green background of summer and the cooler tones of winter.

"All through the lower floor the woodwork is quarter-sawn oak with mission finish and the walls are finished with plaster, tinted green in the living room, yellow in the halls, and a golden brown in the dining room. The ceilings throughout are of a soft cream and the floors are oak. Upstairs all the woodwork is finished with white enamel and the doors are of birch. The bath-

MRS.
VAN
DUYN'S
HOUSE.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

room, of course, is white enamel with a tiled floor. The cost of this house was between five and six thousand dollars."

It is well worth glancing at the floor plans of Mrs. Van Duyn's house in order to

A VACATION IN A MOTOR CAR

understand how admirably the space is arranged, how comfort is first of all considered and yet how homelike and attractive the result is. The room shown in the photograph seems completely and permanently beautiful, equally rich and simple, dignified and friendly, a home in the fullest sense of the word. That Mrs. Van Duyn gives *THE CRAFTSMAN* such generous credit for the inspiration of her beautiful home is a matter of very genuine pride to us.

A VACATION IN A MOTOR CAR

FOR the average business man and woman, especially those whose days are spent within the chafing confines of some overpopulated city, the vacation is such a rare and treasured period that the right spending of it is a problem of no little importance. That particular fortnight on the calendar takes on a peculiar significance, quite apart from the other fifty weeks of the year, and plans are laid and pleasures anticipated long in advance. There are so many wonderful places to choose from, so many delightful ways in which this coveted reward of industry may be spent, that one is fairly bewildered by the variety. Mountain, shore and country all lure one with such beckoning invitation, nature in all her summer guises holds out such fragrant promises of pleasure or peace, that it seems impossible sometimes to decide which call has the most insistence.

Finally, however, the choice is made and the day approaches, and, in the pleasurable excitement of the moment, one forgets the inevitable drawbacks, annoyances and discomforts which always seem to mar even the most joyous holiday,—drawbacks which are often apt to balance or outweigh the delights. Yet in spite of this fact an overworked and worried humanity takes its vacation each successive year with undaunted courage though doubtful wisdom.

But perhaps, after all, this wisdom should not be called in question, for surely people know what they like? And if they really enjoy the exhilaration of the much patronized excursion, the incessant buzz of a popular resort, the wild, hilarious amusements along the boardwalk, the fashionable dress parade, the crowded beach and surf, then by all means let them seek that highly civilized section of the shore. Or if they prefer to sit in rocking chairs on the porch

of a mountain hotel, discussing the latest eccentricities of art and literature, embroider table centers, or playing croquet on the lawn, then let us leave them to their own particular form of happiness. But for those who are really seeking the deep, refreshing draught of nature, the peace of long stretches of sand and sky, the friendship of the woods or the invigoration of sweet mountain air, away from the nerve-racking confusion, the worry and discomfort that infests the usual summer resort,—for those, if they have at their disposal that modern blessing—a motor car—the vacation problem has found a practical and joyful solution.

For with this means of locomotion at hand one is no longer confined to the beaten path. A trusty car, a good road, the right companions, a few serviceable clothes, a favorite book perhaps, a camera, and a lunch basket equipped for picnics in the cool green of the woods or beside lake or sea, and there is no end to the pleasant possibilities before one.

What could be more restful than long drives down winding country lanes, through sleepy villages, past scattered farms, beside fern-fringed brooks and little rivers, or along the breezy mountainside? What pictures could be more wonderful than the varying lights and shadows of the passing foliage, the changing colors of the meadow grasses, the blues and purples of the distant hills? What city fare could taste more appetizing than the simple food eaten with such relish from a green turf table by the roadside or on some broad slab or rock beside a bubbling spring? What florist's hothouse blossoms could be as lovely as the wild flowers that are to be had for the picking along the way? And what expensive city suite could offer such welcome hospitality as a room in some little country inn?

Any attempt to enumerate the delights of such a mode of traveling must be futile. Words are inadequate to translate its charm. But those who have once tasted its refreshing freedom, breathed its spirit of adventure, drawn new courage and inspiration from the contact with the big, generous nature world from which most of us have wandered so far; those who have found what an ineffable relief such a real holiday can bring them in contrast to the tiresome "attractions" of the average summer resort, will need no assurance of the value of the motor car.

A FELLOWSHIP IN DRAMATIC COMPOSITION AT HARVARD

But perhaps it is really the children who would appreciate it most, for in this way they would at least enjoy a maximum of freedom—their sweetest and most coveted possession! The wholesomeness of long days in the open air; the charm of new scenes, new flowers, new playgrounds and new pleasures; the joy of bracing winds, the fun of picnics, woodland rambles, explorations, and perhaps the gathering of wild berries for a juicy dessert; the fascination of fishing or of wading in the stream,—all these and many more adventures would surely be an irresistible appeal to any child! And in those few weeks of an out-door vacation might be garnered a store of childhood's happiest memories.

WILLIAM KEITH

WE have used for our frontispiece this month a photograph of the great Western landscape painter whose death in April of this year is a loss to the entire art world of America. Mr. Keith began painting the great lakes of California before any of our painters had thought America possible to paint, and were rushing away to France, Holland, Italy for inspiration.

Although we claim Keith as an American he was born in Scotland, in 1839. But he came to New York as a little lad, working with engravers' tools until 1859, when he went to California and began his art in its biggest sense.

Keith was a creator of Western art, or rather he was the first to understand the splendid glowing beauty of that region and to transfer it to canvas. There are schools of Western art today, but they all owe the beginning of the work to the open-eyed, open-hearted Scotchman who needed no predecessor and who was the pioneer for hundreds.

He has interpreted Western oaks so that their form and beauty are now understood and generally loved. He has shown them glowing with the rich color of midday sun, under tender deepening evening light, and expanding brightening sunrise. He has literally made portraits of them as they stood solitary in open fields or grouped closely in groves. And he has managed to infuse them with a spirit so alive, so unmistakable that whoever once sees a picture of oaks painted as he has loved to paint them regards all oaks forever after with more interest.

He has proven that the West is paintable

in a pastoral as well as spectacular way, that it is poetical as well as vigorous, that it has attractive "bits" as well as illimitable expanses. He has done much to dignify Western art and to bring Western beauty to Eastern eyes.

THE MACDOWELL RESIDENT FELLOWSHIP IN DRAMATIC COMPOSITION

THE Student Fund Committee of the MacDowell Club of New York City has offered for 1911-12 a fellowship in dramatic composition with a stipend of \$600. The conditions of the Fellowship are as follows: it is to be assigned to a student in dramatic composition (the work now called English 47) and not for work in the history of the drama, though the holder of the Fellowship may be required to take courses in that subject. The MacDowell Fellowship is intended for some person whose means will not permit work at Harvard or Radcliffe without this aid. All applicants for *English 47* for 1911-12 must file with Professor Baker, by August first, an original play. Those among the applicants who are also candidates for the Fellowship should in submitting their manuscript give a full statement of the reasons for their candidacy. Though one-act plays may be offered for admission to the course, the MacDowell Fellowship will not be assigned to any one submitting a play of less than three acts. Not more than one play may be handed in by each contestant. Candidates, on entering the competition, and at any time thereafter when called upon, must give Professor Baker such information as shall show their entire good faith and that the plays offered are solely the work of the persons submitting them. The name of the writer of the best manuscript submitted in competition for the Fellowship will be sent to the Chairman of the Student Fund Committee of the MacDowell Club, who will investigate the character and previous work of the candidate. If the Chairman is satisfied with the investigation, the candidate will be named as holder of the Fellowship. The purpose of the Fellowship is to aid persons who have already done dramatic work of promise, but who need some technical training to get their desired results. The Fellowship is open to students in dramatic composition in either Harvard or Radcliffe. Manuscripts, with return charges in stamps, should be sent by express to Professor G. P. Baker, Boulder Farm, Madison, N. H.

ALS IK KAN

A HIGH SCHOOL WORTH KNOWING ABOUT

AMONG the books that have come to us for review, few have brought us greater pleasure than the *Polytechnic Student*, published by the students of the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles. This pamphlet of 150 pages is a presentation not only of the school work during the past year but of the purpose of the school work during all years. There are interesting articles in it by the students, and there is a resumé of school work as well as suggestions for the future. It is not only interesting intrinsically because of the material it presents, but is a most beautiful piece of book-making, in printing, make-up and color-scheme. Every page is well planned. There is always something of interest given and it is charmingly expressed. The cover is unique and worth the consideration of publishers of both magazines and books. It is extremely simple, of a rich brown fiber paper. The single decoration is in poster effect, in red, brown and blue. The decorative figure is of a student of the Middle Ages poring over an open volume. The combination of color is excellent and the design well suited to the cover and text matter.

The inside of the book is designed with the utmost care and artistic skill. There are very interesting pages of illuminated text and stories and poems set in illuminated margins. Practically all the letter press is set up with illuminated initials. The paper on which the book is printed is a rich heavy cream-coated stock and the printing is done in a warm brown ink.

We understand from the editor of the book that the illustrations as well as the reading matter are all the work of the students. If so, the school is indeed to be congratulated.

One department that greatly interested THE CRAFTSMAN contained pictures of the class of 1911, and a more intelligent, alert, happy group of students it has never been our good fortune to see. And we could not help but think how proud these same young people will be as they grow up to look back at this valuable book, to have it in their library for the pleasure of their own reminiscences and for the joy of their children. How it will recall to them the happiness of these really good school days, of their glee-

club meetings, of their theatrical performances, of the public debate and of the splendid opportunity for development in the gymnasium. Some architect will recall that he had his first inspiration for designing houses there, and another man will remember how his mechanical bent was there developed, and how his success in life came to him through learning to think out in school those particular mechanical problems. And the girls will remember their chance for strength from basket-ball, baseball and tennis. And sometimes husband and wife who graduated in the same class will sing together the good old college music, and they will congratulate each other that they left school with their brain not merely a storehouse of facts but an excellent working exchange of useful knowledge, and that they also brought away from school bodies and souls strengthened for the big battles of life—which are more than likely not to be intellectual.

The pictures of the boys and girls who have stood first in athletics are full of interest in this book, for the young people have a fresh, radiant expression which means health and outdoor exercise. Happily for the women who graduate from this school the girls share with the boys all the best athletic opportunities, and this must mean much also in their mental growth.

Of course there is a class poet who does delightful rondelets; in fact there is more than one, and there is an excellent class poem. This high school seems to have neglected no department of usefulness for the boy and girl learning to think. It is a place for right living, for the growth of wholesome social interest, for the best bodily development, a place in which to find wisdom and to develop muscle.

THE CRAFTSMAN would like to suggest that high schools throughout the country send to the editor of the *Student*, Mr. J. F. Weston, for a copy of this interesting pamphlet, or rather for several copies, for distribution in their schools. It is well worth studying to find out that there is such a sensibly conducted school in America, and the proof of the excellence of the school is in the little book itself; for boys and girls who are not learning to think, who are not really interested in the good things of the early days of their life, could not design a book so tastefully, so full of potent suggestion, so fine a testimonial to their school life.

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THE LEGACY: BY MARY S. WATTS

WE hear so much and see so little of real American literature that many who would rejoice over its accomplishment have long ceased to hope for it. Our home-grown writers seem not only to fear the expression of fresh, native philosophy in their work, but are even timorous of American subjects. And if New York or the Middle West or the Pacific Coast insists upon serving as a background, the whole subject-matter is handled in imitation of successful French or English technique to remove the stain of provinciality.

Having arrived at the conclusion that there had not been an actual American novel since Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," which even London recognized the flavor of, "The Legacy," by Mary S. Watts, comes in for review and proves to be worth the sort of reading one would give to a new story of Dickens or Galsworthy or de Maupassant. It is born and bred in Americanism. It reveals to us the Middle West without manipulation, yet without one moment's deflection. Mary S. Watts never adds one inch to the stature of our plebeianism, nor does she deteriorate for an instant into mere caricature. She knows her people and her civilization by heart, and she handles both with a fine sincerity and most exquisite humor. She is neither a photographer nor a realist nor an idealist. She simply *knows the life*. Then, the people are born and grow up as they must in the environment which she furnishes. They one and all possess the vices of their virtues and the virtues of their vices, and out of both conditions the individual character develops, related inevitably to others of the same soil, yet differing, too, as essential personality may insist.

"The Legacy" is called "The Story of a Woman." It is amazing how this one character dominates the book, for she is a woman without especial beauty or unusual education, without any rare gifts, without money or interesting opportunity; yet quite unconsciously, as far as she is concerned, she overtops her environment. She dominates her friends and her relatives, yet never for a moment is she out of the picture. She could only be vivid and flourish in the country that produced her and surrounds her. Her attitude toward life is

more or less negative. It is well regulated, well restrained. She is constantly controlled by her very restricted idea of good breeding. Nevertheless, on every hand the drama and tragedy of existence centers about her, and she becomes the force which animates all lives radiating out from hers.

The story is divided into four books. The characters do not round up and bow to you at the end of each book. Nothing is forced. The people come and go through the various chapters and pages unexpectedly, as life is unexpected, irritatingly, as people do in life at the wrong times, without very much sequence, and you watch them with a reticent delight as you would study your own neighbors and friends.

From the point of view of one who has read and reviewed many stories in the past few years, "The Legacy" is the most complete, masterful, inevitable presentation of a definite period in our American civilization, or lack of it, that we have produced, if we except "A Certain Rich Man" and the book already mentioned by Mr. Dreiser. After reading it you will wait with eagerness for Mary S. Watts' next excursion into the souls of our new-world people. And also you remember that she has written another story called "Nathan Burke," and you send for it at once. (Published by The Macmillan Company. 394 pages. Price, \$1.50 net.)

ROBINETTA: BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, MARY AND JANE FINDLATER AND ALLAN MCAULEY

THESE popular collaborators have given us another delightful love-story with an old-world setting. A plum-tree and a little old woman whom it benevolently supplies with jam form the nucleus around which are gathered the rest of the people and the plot—if plot it can be called. The exquisite, irrepressible youth of Robinetta herself, whose American manners are such a trial to the patience of her sternly respectable English aunt, gives the tale such freshness and buoyancy that one can hardly be surprised at the rapidity with which the inevitable young London lawyer succumbs to her charms. The few but cleverly sketched characters with their amusing eccentricities, and the contrast between American and English ways and viewpoints, give opportunities for humorous and kindly satire which the authors have utilized with

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enchanting result. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. 330 pages. Price \$1.10 net.)

RUST: A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS: BY ALGERNON TASSIN

AS a rule nowadays when a young man starts out to write a play, especially if he is a young American, an author of some standing, he has some definite purpose in writing it, some ideal to uphold, some philosophy to express, some social condition which ought to be dealt with. In fact, it is this sort of purpose which makes a play or a book worth writing. We have grown, even those who think least among us, to expect something definite in a play, something accomplished at the end, something proven. Either "women should have the votes," or "men's lives should be restricted," or "daughters should have a different education." In fact the world is full of amazing situations and problems to be solved, all of which are worth putting on the stage, providing that in the drama in which they are presented some progress is shown, a variation in human nature is presented, balanced, logically developed; that the psychology is true, and that the climaxes of the play result from right psychology, and that the final climax of all is the proof that the author really has had something to say. A mere cross-section of life with a lot of characters moving violently about in the same place is no material for a play. Neither is a confusing group of people essentially unrelated, each one striving to express his personality, a chance collection of humanity who in real life could never amalgamate.

Yet these conditions are exactly what one feels in Mr. Tassin's play, "Rust." He seems to have collected a number of people who interest him, but whom you cannot imagine would interest each other. He has for a theme (whether handled from the point of view of a realist or a satirist it is hard to say,) that women cannot be contented, at least some women, with the purely social world, that there are women who either want work of their own or knowledge of their husband's work to keep up interest in life. But this theme never develops. You find at the end of the play the husband is still bewildered when *Judith*, the wife, speaks of her interest in work. And instead of proving that *she* has the judgment either to work or to appreciate what an intelligent

man would be likely to do, *Judith* "balls up" her own life in the most futile and silly fashion because she is annoyed that her husband does not understand her. (Published by Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 172 pages. Price, \$1.00.)

THE WEAVERS: BY GERHART HAUPTMANN

A play so tremendous in significance, written so simply, so without affectation of any description is a rare contribution to the literature of any land. In fact so great a play as "The Weavers" has never been written in America and not often on the continent. As you begin the very barren dialogue between the group of weavers waiting to be paid it seems almost incredible that such simple words, handled with such restraint, could carry such a tremendous burden of tragedy. And when the tragedy reaches its height there is never any superfluity of words, there is never any elaboration of method. And the inevitability of the tragedy is felt almost as soon as the curtain is up. There is nothing done to make you understand the character of *Dreissiger*, the manager. He does not say anything unusually cruel, and the people do not show any symptoms of retaliating when they are underpaid by him. They are rather frightened and helpless. And yet Fate is moving about over the stage, fettering the chances of life of this complacent person, opening up avenues for the possibility of better living for the poor weavers.

The situations are not made up and the people put in them. It is because the people are of the particular kind that Hauptmann writes of that the situations come about. The writer is not building up the climax. Fate is building. Each one who speaks, each one who takes a place in the drama is essential, and the result of the final terrible attack upon the house of the manager, the destruction of everything that lies in the way of these down-trodden and gentle people is appalling, as such swift tragic uprisings would be appalling in real life. The man who has never spoken above a whisper during his life shoots down the people whom he was hardly conscious of being oppressed by. And still the conversation between the people goes on in the quiet monotonous almost dull way in which the story commences. And at the end an economic revolution has been accomplished.

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The scene is laid among the wretched, poor Sicilian weavers, back in the forties, a place and condition known little except to those who have been born in the country and forced to understand its conditions. Although Hauptmann went away from his native town of Salzbrunn and attended an art school at Breslau, and later universities in Berlin and Jena, he seems never to have forgotten conditions in his own land and their need of readjustment. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 148 pages. Price, \$1.00 net; by mail, \$1.08.)

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD: BY ROBERT HICHENS

IT is difficult to exactly characterize this latest romance of Robert Hichens'. You are told by the publishers that "with all the strangeness of the story Hichens' writing makes it seem natural and entirely within the field of possibility." The impression on the reviewer was quite the reverse. The story is well done and all the people are possible in certain phases of rather dull English life, but you do not quite understand whether the young curate is definitely trying to injure the man who has been his friend and idol, or whether fate is merely readjusting conditions for them and he has actually learned the ways of his master, or whether it is all in the portrayal of another realm. And in any case it is rather irritating that all the mistakes of one man should be repeated in a younger man, and that both people should be injured in the process, and that even the harmless wife should somehow seem to be made to suffer through conditions over which she had no control. *Lady Sophia* is little more than a manikin in the tale, proud of her husband, the *Rev. Marcus Harding*, and then falling in love with the curate, is repulsed and shares in the general unhappiness of the end of the story. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 273 pages. Price, \$1.10 net.)

THE COUNTRY LIFE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES: BY L. H. BAILEY

THE country-life movement," as Professor Bailey says, "is the working-out of the desire to make rural civilization as effective and satisfying as other civilization," and in the present volume he has taken up the several phases of this important subject in a clear and practical way. Not only has he discussed the movement from the general and the individual points of view, and considered it in its economic,

political, social and hygienic aspects, but throughout the book along each of these lines he has offered suggestions and outlined working plans as to how the difficulties and dangers of the situation may be met or avoided.

The national and international phases of the movement, and the Commission on Country Life; the contrast and comparison between city and country people; the decline in rural population and the resulting "abandoned farms;" the reclamation, reservation and irrigation of land; agriculture in the public schools, with outlines of a State educational plan; woman's contribution to the country-life movement; community life in the open country; the labor question and remedies; the problem of the "middleman;" county and local fairs,—all these and many more sides of the movement are discussed in a practical and interesting way.

There is one point about the whole matter that seems as significant as it is encouraging, and that is, as Professor Bailey says, the fact that the movement is really a voluntary one. "The interest in country life," he writes, "is gradually assuming shape as a voluntary movement outside of Government, as it properly should do. It should be in the best sense a popular movement; for if it is not a really popular movement, it can have little vitality, and exert little effect on the mass of the people. As it gets in motion, certain things will crystallize for the Government to do; and governments will do them."

As regards the necessity for present action, he says: "It is perfectly apparent that the fundamental need is to place effectively educated men and women into the open country. All else depends on this. No formal means can be of any permanent avail until men and women of vision and with trained minds are at hand to work out the plans in an orderly way." (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 220 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN: BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN

IN this book Dr. Eastman has painted the religious life of the American Indian as it was before the white man came and left his mark upon him. An Indian speaks for the first time in history of things generally held by his people as too sacred to be uttered in speech, and the same eloquent,

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deeply religious feeling inherent in this vanishing race is felt throughout the book. Dr. Eastman speaks with an authority one must respect, for his father was a full-blooded Sioux and his mother a half-breed. And he speaks with an understanding tone and in the tender, poetical language of the home life and of the religious life of his people. No one can read the first two chapters of this inspired little book without a feeling of gratitude to the author that he has preserved for us so true a record, and given us a better understanding of this interesting people.

The chapter on *The Great Mystery* is as eloquent a sermon as we could wish to read, and makes us think that we might have learned of the Indians a truer method of prayer than the begging, beseeching attitude we are so prone to take. For whenever they saw some especially beautiful valley, or sunset sky, or a rainbow arch over a mountain, they paused a moment and gave praise, unspoken, but from the heart. "The worship of the Great Mystery," says Dr. Eastman, "was silent, solitary, free from all self-seeking. It was silent, because all speech is of necessity feeble and imperfect . . . it was solitary, because they believed that He is nearer to us in solitude, and there were no priests authorized to come between a man and his Maker. . . . There were no temples or shrines among us save those of Nature. Being a natural man, the Indian was intensely poetical. He would deem it sacrilege to build a house for Him who may be met face to face in the mysterious, shadowy aisles of the primeval forest, or on the sunlit bosom of virgin prairies, upon dizzy spires and pinnacles of naked rock, and yonder in the jeweled vault of the night sky! . . . He needs no lesser cathedral!"

The second chapter on *The Family Altar* touchingly refers to woman's position, and the Indian ideas of hospitality and of friendship. One quotation will serve to show that the ideal of woman was the same among them as it is among every other nation. "Thus she ruled undisputed within her own domain, and was to us a tower of moral and spiritual strength, until the coming of the border white man, the soldier and trader, who with strong drink overthrew the honor of the man, and through his power over a worthless husband purchased the virtue of his wife or his daughter. When she fell, the whole race

fell with her." (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 170 pages. Price, \$1.00 net.)

DRY-FARMING: A SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURE FOR COUNTRIES UNDER A LOW RAINFALL: BY JOHN A. WIDTSOE, A.M., PH.D.

THE possibilities of dry-farming as shown in this book leave no doubt in the reader's mind as to the ultimate conquering of the dry places of the earth. The author has assembled the known facts of science regarding this important subject—namely, the production of plants without irrigation in regions of limited rainfall—giving convincing statistics and setting forth the advantages of this newly discovered system. Now that we have awakened to the necessity of conserving the water supply of our country, investigation into the possibilities of cultivating land with a minimum amount of water will appeal to every produce grower in the country. The book should be in the hands of every scientific farmer, and it furnishes interesting reading to every thinking person. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 416 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price, \$1.50 net.)

GARAGES AND MOTOR BOAT HOUSES: COMPILED BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS COMSTOCK

SINCE there is no precedent for garage builders to follow, no previous ideas to adapt, no well-worn rules to be strictly adhered to, architects have resorted to the effective combination of their own practical common sense and their own feeling for beauty, and have thus produced a new type of architecture. The chief requirements of this strictly modern structure being simplicity the designers are forced to hold closely to one of the first laws of beauty, and are producing buildings of rare charm. A book that effectively illustrates the all-round satisfaction derived from the blending of beauty and practicality has been compiled by William Phillips Comstock, editor of the *Architects' and Builders' Magazine*. This book shows garages and boat houses distinctive in construction and in the manner of adapting a building to its surroundings. Garages for private and public, country and city use, motor boat houses, and garage equipments and accessories are subjects which are treated with interesting text and picture. (Published by William Comstock

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Co., New York. Illustrated. 119 pages. Price \$2.00.)

THE DOOR BEAUTIFUL

THOSE who appreciate the possibilities for beauty which are so apt to be neglected or overlooked in the entrance to both the home and its rooms, will be interested in a tastefully bound booklet, illustrated with pictures of Morgan Doors.

Exterior and interior doors of many different designs are shown, in birch, oak and ash. Doors for the living rooms, solidly made, simple in line and pleasing in grain; bedroom doors with full length mirrors; sanitary bathroom doors; terrace and Dutch doors, and Craftsman doors with small glass panes set in the top to match the little sidelight on either hand. There is, in fact, a substantial friendliness about the various designs that is as charming as it is practical.

"The door is such a prominent detail of the building," the booklet tells us, "that the owner can well afford to give very serious consideration to the selection. The artistic effect of an otherwise ideal interior is very often ruined because of doors in discord with the architectural motif. The most elegant finishing of a house can be cheapened and the house made to look shabby by the use of flimsy, badly-made doors."

This statement is certainly no exaggeration, and the majority of the designs and the quality of workmanship which the illustrations of this little book display show that much careful thought and artistic feeling has gone into the making of the Morgan Door. (Published under the supervision of the J. Walter Thompson Co., for Morgan Company, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. 48 pages.)

WHILE CAROLINE WAS GROWING: BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

MRS. Bacon has never written any thing better than this book—nothing quite so good. It is brimming with the sweet spirit of unspoilt childhood, and appeals to the heart by its deep humanity and the mind by the way in which it is expressed—writers of uninvolved English are too rare nowadays! There is a simplicity in expression combined with a rare insight into life's more placid subtleties that makes this story of a little girl and the people around her a winning tale of fresh

charm and sustained interest. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 330 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Optimos:" By Horace Traubel. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. Frontispiece photograph by Clarence H. White. 371 pages. Price \$1.50 net.

"The Diamond:" By W. R. Cattle. Published by John Lane Company, New York. Profusely illustrated. 433 pages. Price \$2.00 net; postage, 15c.

"Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship:" By Richard Watson Gilder. Published by The Century Company, New York. 28 full-page illustrations from photographs. 270 pages. Price \$1.80 net; postage, 12c.

"A Paradise in Portugal:" By Mark Sale. Published by The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. 168 pages. Price \$1.00 net.

"Wandering Ghosts:" By F. Marion Crawford. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Frontispiece. 302 pages. Price \$1.25 net.

"The Gleam:" By Helen R. Albee. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York. 312 pages. Price \$1.35 net.

"Trevor Lordship:" By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 389 pages. Price \$1.20 net.

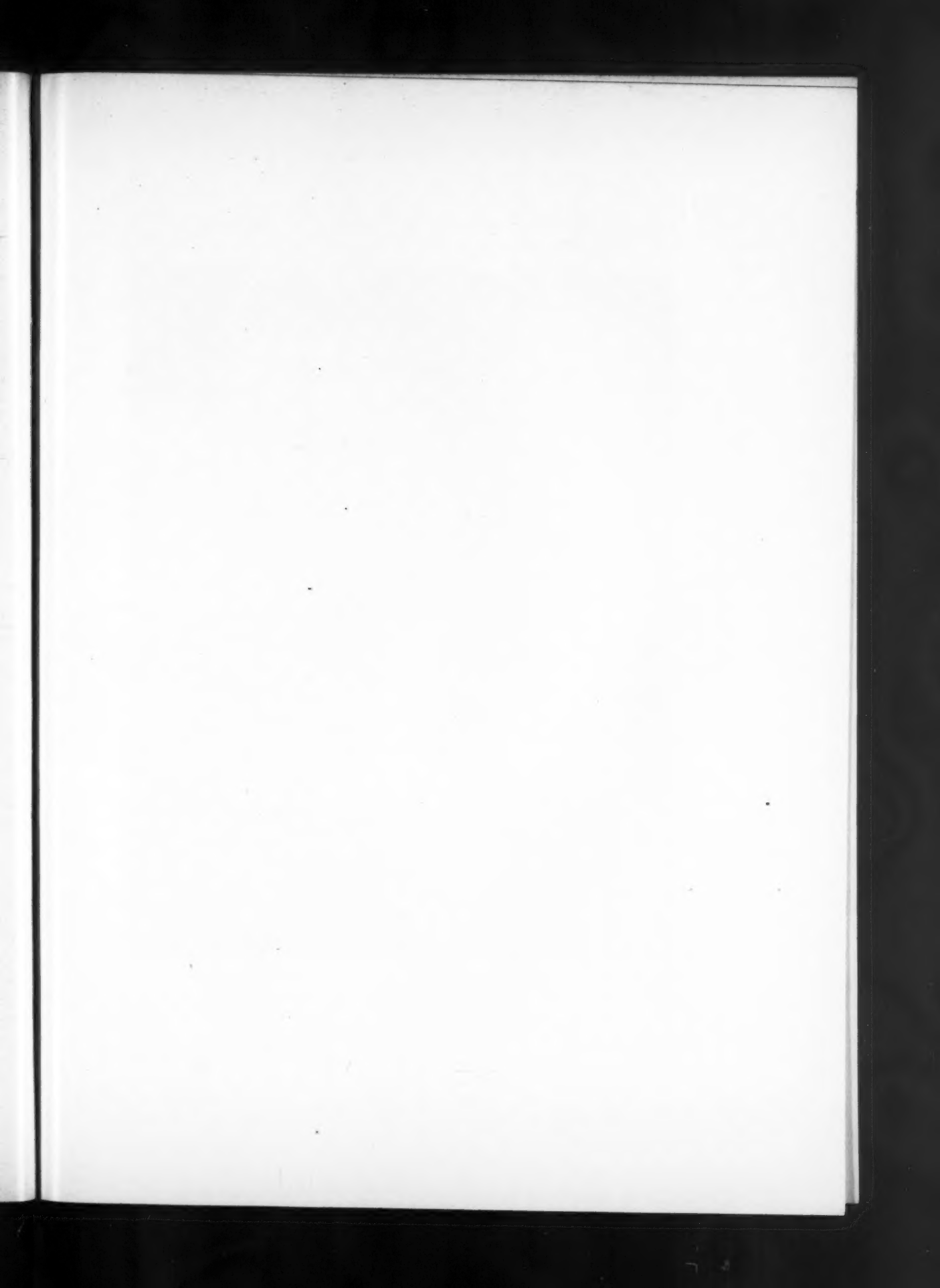
"The Colonel's Story:" By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 387 pages. Price \$1.20 net.

"Miss Livingston's Companion: A Love Story of Old New York:" By Mary Dillon. Published by The Century Company, New York. 434 pages. Price \$1.30 net.

"The Lever:" a Novel: By William Dana Orcutt. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. 319 pages. Price \$1.50 net.

"The Dweller on the Threshold:" By Robert Hichens. Published by The Century Company, New York. 273 pages. Price \$1.10 net.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We regret that through the confusion of correspondence a poem was attributed to Robert Louis Stevenson, in the July number, which was written by Mrs. Roscoe P. Conkling on the fly leaf of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses."





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"IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN:" FROM A
PAINTING BY THE LATE FRITZ VON UHDE.